



COLLEGIANS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N :

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1829.



THE COLLEGIANS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW KYRLE DALY HEARS OF THE HANDSOME
CONDUCT OF HIS FRIEND HARDRESS.

PREVIOUS to Anne Chute's departure from the cottage of her aunt, all the arrangements necessary for her marriage with Hardress had been verbally agreed upon. A feeling of decorum only prevented the legal preliminaries from being put in form before her return to her mother's Castle. The singularly unequal and unaccountable behaviour of her intended husband, during the whole course of wooing, had left her mind in a condition of distress-

ing annoyance and perplexity. Though she still loved Hardress well, it was with an anxious, and uneasy affection, such as she should entertain for a mysterious being whose talents had fascinated her will, but of whose real nature she yet remained in troubled ignorance.

Fame, who never moves her wings so swiftly as when she has got a tale to tell of death or marriage, soon spread the information far and wide. The manner in which it reached the ears of Kyrle Daly was sudden as it was unwelcome.

He had gone down to the Dairy farm, for the purpose of shore-shooting, and was returning in order to spend the Little Christmas at home. It was about noon when he rode by the gate at Castle Chute. The door of the dwelling house stood open, and several figures appeared on the broad stone steps. They were too distant to be recognized, but Kyrle glanced

with a beating pulse towards that part of the building which contained the sleeping chamber of his mistress. The window shutters were unclosed and it was evident that Anne Chute had once more become a resident in the Castle.

In order to be assured of the reality of this belief, young Daly spurred on his horse as far as the caravansary of Mr. Normile, already celebrated in the first volume of our history. That individual, whom he found in the act of liberating an unruly pig, after payment of pound fees, informed him of the arrival at Castle Chute, a fortnight previous, of its young heiress, and her uncle.

He rode on, unwilling to trust himself with any lengthened conversation on this subject, while under the shrewd eye of an Irish peasant. All his former passion returned in an instant, and with an intensity which surprised himself. It had been the labour of his life since his last in-

terview with the young lady above-named, to remove her quietly from his recollection, and he flattered himself that he had, in a great degree, succeeded. He was no believer in the romantic and mischievous supposition, that true love never changes, nor decays, even when hope has left it. He knew that there were many effeminate and sensitive characters who, having once permitted their imaginations to become deeply impressed, are afterwards weak enough to foster that impression, even while it is making inroads upon their health and peace; but such beings were the object of his pity, not of his esteem. He was neither a fanatic, nor a voluptuary, in the passion. If, therefore, he had discovered that any one of those rational considerations, on which his love was founded, had been erroneously taken up, if he had discovered that the lady was in reality unworthy of the place to which he had raised her, we do not say he would at once have

ceased to love, but he should certainly have experienced much less difficulty in subduing the frequent agitations of the passion. But he had not the assistance of such a conviction, and it was only after a long and vigilant exercise of his habitual firmness, that he had reduced his mind to a state of dormant tranquillity.

Opportunity therefore was only needed to rouse it up once more in all its former strength. That opportunity had now arrived, and Kyrle Daly found that the trial was a more searching one than he had been led to think. He yielded for a moment to the recollections which pressed upon him, and slackened the pace of his steed. He looked upon the Castle and its quiet bay, the point, the wood, the waves, and the distant hills of Clare. He passed the little sandy slope on which he had witnessed the festivities of the saddle-race, and which now looked wintry, lone, and bleak, in the Decem-

ber blast. The face of the river was dark and troubled; the long waves of the half flood tide rolled in, and broke upon the sands, leaving a track of foam upon the water's verge, while a long black line of sea-weed marked the height to which it had arisen on the shore. He glanced at the pathway from the road on which his hopes had experienced their last decisive and severe repression. His feelings, at this moment, approached the limits of pain, too nearly, and he spurred on his horse, to hurry away from them, and from the scene on which they had been first called into action.

He had not ridden far when he heard loud bursts of laughter, and the tramp of many horses on the road behind him. The voices were raised high in the competition to obtain a hearing, and he thought the accents were not those of strangers. The proud politeness of an Irish gentleman which was ra-

ther conventional than natural with Kyrle Daly, prevented his looking round to satisfy his curiosity until the party had ridden up, and he heard his own name coupled with a familiar greeting by many voices. Turning on his saddle, he beheld Mr. Connolly, Mr. Hyland Creagh, Doctor Leake, and Captain Gibson, riding abreast and laughing immoderately.

“Connolly, how are you? How are you Doctor? Mr. Creagh, Captain,” touching his hat slightly to the latter “what’s all the fun about?”

“I’ll tell Daly,” said Connolly, “he’s a lawyer.”

“Pish!” replied Doctor Leake, “’tis too foolish a thing, you will make him laugh at you.”

“Foolish! It is the best story I ever heard in my life. Eh, Captain?”

Captain Gibson replied by an excessive roar of laughter, and Hyland Creagh protested

it was worthy of the days of the Hell-fire Club. Connolly looked down in scornful triumph upon the Doctor, who tossed his head and sneered in silence.

“ I’ll tell you how it was,” said Connolly. “ I believe ’tis no secret to you, Daly, or any other acquaintance of mine, that I owe more money to different friends, than I am always willing to pay—

‘ Owing more could’nt pay,

Owing more ran away :’

so, if I should come to borrow money of you, you had better keep it in your pocket, I advise you. But, it so happened, that we spent the other evening at a friend’s in the neighbourhood, who could not afford me a bed, so I went to hammock at Normile’s Inn. In the morning, I stepped out to the stable, to see how my horse had been made up in the

night ; when I felt a tap on the shoulder—just like that—do you feel it at all electrical?—(he touched Kyrle's shoulder)—*I* do, always. I turned, and saw a fellow in a brown coat with a piece of paper in his hand. I was compelled to accept his invitation, so I requested that he would step into the Inn, while I was taking a little breakfast. While I was doing so, and while he was sitting at the other side of the fire, in walked Pat Falvey, Mrs. Chute's footman, with his mistress's compliments, to thank me for a present of baking apples I had sent her. I winked at Pat, and looked at the bailiff. 'Pat,' says I, 'tell your mistress not to mention it ; and Pat,' says I, dropping to a whisper, 'I'm a prisoner.' 'Very well sir,' says Pat aloud, and bowing as if I had given him some message. He left the room, and in ten minutes I had the whole parish about the windows. They came in, they called for the bailiff, they seized

him, and beat him, until they didn't leave him worth looking at. Dooley, the nailer, caught his arm, and O'Reilly, the blacksmith, took him by the leg, and another by the hair, and another by the throat, and such a show as they made of him before five minutes I never contemplated. But here was the beauty of it. I knew the law, so I opposed the whole proceeding. 'No rescue,' says I, 'I am his prisoner, Gentlemen; and I will not be rescued, so don't beat the man!—don't toss him in a blanket! don't drag him in the puddle!—don't plunge him into the horse-pond, I intreat you!' By some fatality, my intentions were wholly misconceived, and they performed exactly the things that I warned them to avoid. They did beat him, they did toss him in a blanket, they did drag him through the puddle, and they did plunge him into the horsepond! Only imagine what was my chagrin and disappointment! Doctor Leake maintains that

it is a misprision of battery, a law term I never heard in my life. As if, by desiring them not to drag him through the horsepond, I *imagined* their doing it ; then it was an overt act of dragging him through the horsepond. *Compassing* the dragging him through would have been an actual act of battery, but the imagining of it is only an overt act. -As among the English regicides, by cutting off the head of Charles they were said to *imagine* his death, which was an *overt act* of treason, whereas compassing his death was the actual treason itself. But in this case I deny both the *compassing* and the imagination. What do you think of it, Mr. Daly ? ”

“ I think,” said Kyrle, with a smile, “ that you ought to come and take my opinion on it, some day or other.”

“ Ah, ha ! ” replied Connolly shaking his head. “ I understand you, young lawyer ! Well, when I have a fee to spare, you shall

have it. But here is the turn up to my house. *Est ubi locus* — how I forget my Latin! Daly, will you come up and dine with me?"

"I cannot, thank you."

"Well, I'm sorry for it. Creagh, you're not going?"

"I must."

"Stop, and dine."

"No. I'll see you to-morrow. I have business in town."

The party separated, Kyrle Daly and Creagh continuing to ride in the same direction, while the rest wheeled off by a narrow and broken bye-road.

"You will be at the wedding, I suppose, Mr. Daly?" said the latter gentleman, after a silence of some minutes.

"What wedding?" asked Kyrle, in some surprise.

“Why, have you not heard of it? Miss Chute’s wedding.”

“Miss Chute!” Kyrle repeated, faintly.

“Yes. Every thing, I understand, has been arranged for the ceremony, and Cregan tells me it is to take place next month. She would be a magnificent wife for any man!”

It was some moments before Kyrle could recover breath, to ask another question.

“And—a—of course you heard who was to be the bridegroom?” he said, with much hesitation.

“Oh, yes. I thought he was a friend of yours. Mr. Hardress Cregan.”

“Cregan!” exclaimed Kyrle aloud, and starting, as if he had received a galvanic shock.

“It is impossible.”

“Sir!” said Creagh, sternly.

“I think,” said Kyrle, governing himself by a violent exertion, “you must have been misin-

formed. Hardress Cregan is, as you say, my friend, and he cannot be the man."

"I seldom, sir," said Creagh, with a haughty curl on his lip, "converse with any person who is capable of making false assertions, and in the present instance, I should think the gentleman's father no indifferent authority."

Again Kyrle Daly paused for some minutes, in an emotion of deep apprehension. "Has Mr. Cregan then told you," he said, "that his son was to be the bridegroom?"

"I have said, he has."

Daly closed his lips hard, and straightened his person, as if to relieve an internal pain. This circumstance accounted for the enigmatical silence of his friend. But what a horrible solution!

"It is very strange," he said, "notwithstanding. There are many impediments to such a marriage. He is her cousin."

"Pooh, pooh, that's a name of courtesy.

It is only a connection by affinity. Cousin? Hang them all, cousins, on a string, say I! They are the most dangerous rivals a man can have. Any other man you can call out, and shoot through the head, if he attempts to interfere with your prospects, but cousins must have a privilege. The lady may walk with her cousin, (hang him!) and she may dance with her cousin, and write to her cousin, and it is only when she has run away with her cousin, that you find you have been cozened with a vengeance."

While Creagh made this speech, Kyrle Daly was running over in his mind, the entire circumstances of young Cregan's conduct, and the conclusion to which his reflections brought him was, that a more black and shameless treason had never been practised between man and man. For the first time in his life, Kyrle Daly wholly lost his self-government. Principle, religion, duty, justice, all vanished for the instant from

his mind, and nothing but the deadly injury remained to stare him in the face.

“I will horsewhip him !” he said within his mind, “I will horsewhip him at the wedding feast. The cool, dark hypocrite ! I suppose, sir,” he said aloud, turning to Creagh with a smile of calm and dignified courtesy, “I suppose I may name you as my authority for this ?”

“Certainly, certainly,” returned the old duellist with a short bow, while his eyes lit up with pleasure at the idea of an affair of honour. “Stay a moment, Mr. Daly,” he added, as the young gentleman was about to quicken his pace. “I perceive, sir, that you are going to adopt, in this business, the course that is usual among men of honour. Now, I have had a little experience in these affairs, and I am willing to be your friend——”

“Pardon me, Mr. Creagh, I——”

“Nay, pardon *me*, Mr. Daly, if you please.

I do not mean your friend, in the usual acceptation of the term, I do not mean your second, you may have a desire to choose for yourself in that respect. I merely wished to say, that I could afford you some useful hints, as to your conduct on the ground. In the first place, look to your powder. Dry it, yourself, over-night, on a plate, which you may keep hot over a vessel of warm water. Insert your charge at the breech of the pistol, and let your ball be covered with kid leather softened with the finest salad oil. See that your barrel is polished and free from dust. I have known many a fine fellow lose his life, by purchasing his ammunition at a grocer's, on the morning of the duel. They bring it him out of some cask in a damp cellar, and of course it hangs fire. Do you avoid that fault. Then, when you come to the ground—level ground of course—fix your eye on some object beyond your foe, and bring him in a line with that, then let your pistol hang by your side, and draw an ima-

ginary line from the mouth of the barrel to the third button of your opponent's coat. When the word is given, raise your weapon rapidly along that line, and fire at the button. He will never hear the sho."

"Tell me, Mr. Creagh," said Kyrle in a grave tone, after he had heard those murderous directions to the end, "Are not you a friend of Mr. Cregan?"

"Yes: Very old friends."

"Do you not dine at his table, and sleep under his roof from day to day?"

"Pray, what is the object of those curious questions?"

"It is this," said Kyrle, fixing his eyes fully upon the man, "I find it impossible to express the disgust I feel at hearing you, the professed and bounden friend of that family, thus practice upon the life of one of its chief members, the son of your benefactor. Away, sir, with your bloody science, to those who will become your

pupils! I hope the time will come in Ireland when you and your mean and murderous class, shall be despised and trampled on as you deserve."

"How am I to take this, Mr. Daly?"

"As you will!" exclaimed Kyrle, driven wholly beyond the bounds of self-possession, and tossing a desperate hand toward the duellist. "I have done with you."

"Not yet, please the fates," Creagh said, in his usual restrained tone, while Kyrle Daly gallopped away in the direction of his father's house. "To-morrow morning, perhaps, you may be enabled to say so with greater certainty. He is a fine young fellow, that. I didn't think it was in him. Now, whom shall I have? Connolly? Cregan? I owe it to Connolly, as I performed the same office for him, a short time since; and yet I'd like to pay old Cregan the compliment. Well, I can think about it, as I ride along."

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW KYRLE DALY'S WARLIKE ARDOUR WAS
CHECKED BY AN UNTOWARD INCIDENT.

A JOYOUS piece of news awaited Kyrle Daly, at the door of his own home. Lowry Looby met him on the avenue, his little arms outstretched, and his huge mouth expanded with an expression of delighted astonishment.

“Oh, masther Kyrle !” he said, “you’re just come in time. I was goin’ off for you. Hurry in—hurry in, sir ! There’s a new little sister within, waiting for you this way.”

“And your mistress, Lowry !” said Kyrle

springing from his horse, and tossing the rein to the servant.

“Finely, finely, sir, thank heaven.”

“Thank heaven, indeed!” echoed Daly, hurrying on, with a flushed and gladdened face, toward the hall door. Every thing of self, his disappointment, the treachery of his friend, the loss of his mistress, and his dilemma with the duellist, were all forgotten, in his joy at the safety of his mother.

The door stood open, and the hall was crowded with servants, children, and tenants. In the midst of a hundred exclamations of wonder, delight, and affection, which broke from the lips of the group, the faint cry of a baby was heard, no louder than the wail of a young kitten. He saw his father holding the little stranger in his arms, and looking in its face with a smile, which he was in vain endeavouring to suppress. The old kitchen maid stood on his right, with her apron to her eyes, crying for joy.

One or two younger females, the wives of tenants, were on the other side, gazing on the red and peevish little face of the innocent, with a smile of maternal sympathy and compassion. A fair haired girl clung to her father's skirt, and petitioned loudly to be allowed to nurse it for a moment. Another looked rebukingly upon her, and told her to be silent. North East, and Charles, had clambered up on a chair to overlook the throng which they could not penetrate. Patey stood near the parlour door, jumping with all his might, and clapping his hands like one possessed. There appeared only one discontented figure on the scene. It was that of little Sally, hitherto the pet and plaything of the family, who stood in a distant corner, with her face turned in to the wall, her lip pouting, and her blue eye filling up with jealous tears.

The moment Kyrle made his appearance at the door, the uproar was redoubled. "Kyrle! Kyrle! Here's Kyrle! Kyrle, look at your

sister ! look at your sister ! ” exclaimed a dozen voices, while the group at the same moment opened, and admitted him into the centre.

“ Poor little darling ! ” said Kyrle, patting it on the cheek, “ Is it not better take it in out of the cold, sir ? ”

“ I think so, Kyrle. Nurse ! Where’s the nurse ? ”

The door of Mrs. Daly’s sleeping chamber opened, and a woman appeared on the threshold looking rather anxious. She ran hastily through the hall, got a bowl of water in the kitchen, and hurried back again into the bed-room.

“ Why does’nt she come ? ” said Mr. Daly. “ The little thing cries so, I am afraid it is pinched by the air. ”

“ I suppose she is busy with my aunt O’Connell, and her patient, yet, ” said Kyrle.

A hurried trampling of feet was now heard in the bed-room, and the sound of rapid voices, in anxiety and confusion. A dead silence sunk

upon the hall. Mr. Daly and his son exchanged a glance of thrilling import. A low moan was the next sound that proceeded from the room. The husband placed the child in the arms of the old woman, and hurried to the chamber door. He was met at the threshold, by his sister, Mrs. O'Connell, (a grave looking lady in black) who placed her hand against his breast, and said with great agitation of manner:—

“Charles, you must not come in yet.”

“Why so, Mary? how is she?”

“Winny,” said Mrs. O'Connell, addressing the old woman who held the infant, “take the child into the kitchen until the nurse can come to you.”

“How is Sally?” repeated the anxious husband.

“You had better go into the parlour, Charles. Recollect yourself now, my dear Charles, remember your children—”

The old man began to tremble. “Mary,”

he said, "Why will you not answer me? How is she?"

"She is not better, Charles."

"Not better!"

"No, far otherwise."

"Far otherwise! Come! woman, let me pass into the room."

"You must not, indeed you must not Charles!" exclaimed his sister flinging her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears.

"Kyrle, Kyrle! Speak to him!"

Young Daly caught his father's arm. "Well, well!" said the latter looking round with a calm yet ghastly smile, "if you are all against me, I must of course submit."

"Come with me to the parlour," said Mrs. O'Connell, "and I will explain to you."

She took him by the arm, and led him with a vacant countenance, and passive demeanour, through the silent and astonished group. They

entered the parlour, and the door was closed by Mrs. O'Connell. Kyrle Daly remained fixed like a statue, in the same attitude in which his aunt had left him, and a moment of intense and deep anxiety ensued.

That rare and horrid sound, the scream of an old man in suffering, was the first that broke on the portentous stillness. It acted like a spell upon the group in the hall. They were dispersed in an instant. The women ran shrieking in various directions. The men looked dismayed, and uttered hurried sentences of wonder and affright. The children, terrified by the confusion, added their shrill and helpless wailings to the rest. The death cry was echoed in the bed-room, in the parlour, in the kitchen. From every portion of the dwelling, the funereal shriek ascended to the heavens ; and Death, and Sorrow, like armed conquerors, seemed to have possessed themselves, by sudden storm, of this little hold where peace, and happiness had reigned so long and calmly.

Kyrle's first impulse, on hearing his father's voice, made him rush to the bed room of his mother. There was no longer any opposition at the door, and he entered with a throbbing heart. The nurse was crying aloud, and wringing her hands at the fire-place. Mrs. Leahy, the midwife, was standing near the bedside, with a troubled and uneasy countenance, evidently as much concerned for the probable injury to her own reputation as for the affliction of the family. Kyrle passed them both, and drew back the curtain of the bed. His mother was lying back, quite dead, and with an expression of languid pain upon her features.

"I never saw a case o' the kind in my life," muttered Mrs. Leahy. "I have attended hundreds in my time, an' I never saw the like. She was sitting up in the bed, sir, as well as I'd wish to see her, an' I just stepped to the fire, to warm a little gruel, when I heard Mrs.

O'Connell calling me. I ran to the bed, an' sure there I found her dying ! She just gave one moan, and 'twas all over. I never heard of such a case. All the skill in the world would'nt be any good in such a business."

Kyrle Daly felt no inclination to dispute the point with her. A heavy, dizzy sensation was in his brain, which made his actions and his manner resemble those of a person who walks in his sleep. He knelt down to pray, but a feeling like lethargy disqualified him for any exercise of devotion. He rose again, and walked listlessly into the hall.

Almost at the same moment, Mr. Daly appeared at the parlour door, followed by his aged sister, who was still in tears. The old man glanced at his children, and waved his hands before him.

" Take them from my sight ! " he said in a low voice—" Let the orphans be

removed. Go now, my children, we never shall be happy here again."

"Charles, my dear Charles!" said his sister, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, while she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Well, Mary, I will do whatever you like. Heaven knows, I am not fit to direct myself, now. Ha, Kyrle, are you returned? I remember I wrote you word to come home to conclude the Christmas with us. I did not think you would have so mournful a home to come to. When did you come?"

"You forget, Charles, that you saw Kyrle awhile ago," said Mrs. O'Connell.

"Did I? I had forgotten it," returned Mr. Daly, tossing his head. He extended his hand to Kyrle, and burst into tears. Kyrle could not do so. He passed his father and aunt, and entered the parlour which was now deserted. He sat down at a small table before the window, and leaning on his elbow, looked

out upon the face of the river. The wintry tide was flowing against a sharp and darkening gale, and a number of boats with close-reefed sails, and black hulls heeling to the blast were beating through the yellow waves. The sky was low and dingy, the hills of Cratloe rose on the other side in all their bleak and barren wildness of attire. A harsh wind stirred the dry and leafless woodbines that covered the front of the cottage, and every object in the landscape seemed to wear a character of dreariness and discomfort.

Here he remained for several hours in the same dry and stolid mood of reflection. Not a single tear, not a single sound of sorrow, was added by him to the general clamour of the household. He never before had been tried by an occasion of this nature, and his present apathy filled him with alarm and astonishment. He listened to the wailings of the women and children, and he looked on

the moistened faces of those who hurried past his chair from time to time, until he began to accuse himself of want of feeling and affection.

While he sat thus silent, the door was opened, and Lowry Looby thrust in his head to inform him that the family were assembled to say a litany in the other room. Kyrle rose, and proceeded thither without reply or question, while Lowry, oppressed with grief, made his retreat into the kitchen. Here he was met by the nurse, who asked him for some half-pence, that she might lay them according to custom, on the lips and eyes of the corpse.

“I didn’t like,” she said, “to be tazing any o’ the family about it, an’ they in throuble.”

“Surely, surely;” said Lowry, while he searched his pockets for the coin. “Ah, nurse, so that’s the way ye let her go between ye!—Oh, asthora, Mrs. Daly, an’ tis I that lost the good

misthress, in you, this day! Soft and pleasant be your bed in heaven this night! An' so it will. You never refused to feed the hungry here, an' God won't refuse to feed you where you are gone.—You never turned the poor out o' your house in this world, an' God won't turn you out of his house in the other. Soft and pleasant be your bed in heaven this night, Mrs. Daly! Winny, eroo, was'nt it you was telling me that the misthress's three first childher died at nurse?"

Old Winny was sitting by the fire-side, dandling the now forgotten little infant in her arms, and lulling it with an ancient ditty, of which the following beautiful fragment formed the burthen:

“ Gilli beg le m' onum thu
 Gilli beg le m' chree
 Coth yani me von Gilli beg,
 'N heur ve thu more a creena.”*

* My souf's little darling you are!
 My heart's little darling!
 What will I do without my little darling,
 When you're grown up and old?

“They did,” she said, in answer to Lowry’s question, “all, before Masther North-aist, went off so fast as they wor wained.”

“See that !” said Lowry, “She cried, I was n’t in the family then, but still I know she cried a pottle for every one o’ them. An’ see how it is now. She has them three little angels waiting to recave her at the gate of heaven this day. Here is the money, nurse, an’ I wish every coin of it was goold for the use you’re going to make of it.”

The nurse left the kitchen, and Lowry took his seat upon the settle-bed, where he remained for some time, looking downwards, and striking the end of his walking stick against the floor, gently, and at regular intervals. The crying of the child disturbed his meditations, and he frequently lifted his head, and stared with a look of stern remonstrance at the unconscious innocent.

“The Lord forgive you, you little disciple !” said Lowry, “’tis little you know what harm you

done this day ! Do all you can, grow up as fine as a queen, an' talk like an angel, 'twill set you to fill up the place o' the woman you took away from us this day. Howl your tongue, again, I tell you, 'tis we that have *raison* to cry, an' not you."

The news of this unexpected visitation became diffused throughout the country, with a speed resembling that of sound itself. Friend after friend dropped in as evening fell, and the little parlour was crowded before midnight. It was a dreadful night without, the same (it will be remembered) on which Eily O'Connor left the cottage in the gap. The thunder clattered close over-head, the rain fell down in torrents, and the reflection of the frequent lightning flashes danced upon the glasses and bowl, around which the company were seated in the parlour. It was yet too soon for the report to have reached the ears of the real friends of the family, whose condolence might have been more efficacious

than that of the humbler crowd of distant relatives and dependants, who were now assembled in the house of mourning. Kyrle considered this, and yet he could not avoid a certain dreary and desolate feeling, as he looked round upon the throng of persons by whom their hearth was girded. But though he could not receive from them the delicate condolence which his equals might have afforded, their sympathy was not less cordial and sincere.

The night passed away in silence and watching. A few conversed in low whispers, and some pressed each other, by signs, to drink ; but this courtesy was for the most part declined by a gathering of the brows, and a shake of the head. The grey and wintry morning found the dwelling thronged with pale, unwashed, and lengthened faces. Some strayed out on the little lawn, to breathe the river air. Others thronged the room of death, where an early mass was celebrated for the soul of the departed. At intervals, a soli-

tary cry of pain and grief was heard to break from some individual of the crowd, but it was at once repressed, by the guests, with low sounds of anger and surprize. The family were silent in their woe, and it was thought daring in a stranger to usurp their prerogative of sorrow.

The arrivals were more frequent in the course of the second evening, and a number of gigs, curricles, and outside jaunting cars, were laid by in the yard. No circumstance could more fully demonstrate the estimation in which this family was held, than the demeanour of the guests as they entered the house. Instead of the accustomed ceremonial which friends use at meeting, they recognised each other in silence and with reserve, as in a house of worship. Sometimes a lifting of the eye-lid and a slight elevation of the hand, expressed their dismay and their astonishment; and if they did exchange a whisper, it was only to give expression to the same feeling. "It was a dreadful loss!" they

said, "Poor man! What will become of the children?"

About night-fall on the second evening, Kyrle was standing at the window of the room in which the corpse was laid out. The old nurse was lighting the candles that were to burn on either side of the death-bed. The white curtains were festooned with artificial roses, and a few were scattered upon the counterpane. Kyrle was leaning with his arm against the window-sash, and looking out upon the river, when Mrs. O'Connell laid her hand upon his shoulder:

"Kyrle," said she, "I wish you would speak to your father, and make him go to bed to-night. It would be a great deal too much for him to go without rest the two nights successively."

"I have already spoken to him, aunt; and he has promised me, that he will retire early to his room. We ought to be all obliged to you, aunt, for your attention; it is in conjunctures like

this, that we discover our real friends. I am only afraid that you will suffer from your exertions. Could you not find somebody to attend to the company to-night, while you are taking a little rest?"

"Oh, I am an old nurse-tender," said Mrs. O'Connell. "I am accustomed to sit up. Do not think of me, Kyrle."

She left the room, and Kyrle resumed his meditative posture. Up to this moment, he had not shed a single tear; and the nurse was watching him, from time to time, with an anxious and uneasy eye. As he remained looking out, an old man, dressed in dark frieze, and with a stooping gait, appeared upon the little avenue. The eye of Kyrle rested on his figure, as he walked slowly forward, assisting his aged limbs with a seasoned blackthorn stick. He figured, involuntarily, to his own mind, the picture of this poor old fellow in his cottage, taking his hat and stick, and telling his family that he would

“step over to Mrs. Daly’s wake.” To Mrs. Daly’s wake ! His mother, with whom he had dined on the Christmas day just past, in perfect health and security ! The incident was slight, but it struck the spring of nature in his heart. He turned from the window, threw himself into a chair, extended his arms, let his head hang back, and burst, at once, into a loud and hysterical passion of grief.

In an instant, the room was thronged with anxious figures. All gathered around his chair, with expressions of compassion and condolence.

“Come out, come out into the air, masther Kyrle !” said the nurse, while she added her tears to his, “do’nt a’ra gal ! Do’nt now, asthora machree ! Oh, then ’tis little wondher you should feel your loss.”

“Kyrle !” said Mrs. O’Connell, in a voice nearly as convulsive as his whom she sought to comfort, “remember your father, Kyrle, do’nt disturb him.”

“Let me alone, oh, let me alone, aunt Mary!” returned the young man, waving his hands, and turning away his head, in deep suffering. “I tell you I shall die if you prevent me.” And he abandoned himself, once more, to a convulsive fit of weeping.

“Let him alone, as he says,” whimpered old Winny. “’m sure I thought it was’nt natural he should keep it on his heart so long. It will do him good. Oh, vo, vo! it is a frightful thing to hear a man crying!”

Suddenly, Mr. Daly appeared amid the group. He walked up to Kyrle’s chair, and took him by the arm. The latter checked his feelings on the instant, and arose with a calm and ready obedience. As they passed the foot of the bed, the father and son paused, as if by a consent of intelligence. They exchanged one silent glance, and then flinging themselves each on the other’s neck, they wept long, loudly, and convulsively together. There was no one

now to interfere. No one dared at this moment to assume the office of comforter, and every individual acted the part of a principal in the affliction. The general wail of sorrow, which issued from the room, was once more echoed in the other parts of the dwelling, and the winds bore it to the ear of Hardress Cregan, as he approached the entrance of the avenue.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW HARDRESS MET A FRIEND OF EILY'S AT THE WAKE.

HE entered the house with that species of vulgar resolution which a person feels who is conscious of deserving a repulse, and determined to outface it. But his bravery was wholly needless. Poor Kyrle was busy now with other thoughts than those of Cregan's treachery.

He was shown into the parlour, in which the gentlemen were seated round the fire, and listening to the mournful clamour which yet had hardly subsided in the distant room. The table

was covered with decanters of wine, bowls of whiskey-punch, and long glasses. A large turf fire blazed in the grate, and Lowry Looby was just occupied in placing on the table a pair of plated candlesticks almost as long as himself. Mr. Barnaby Cregan, Mr. Connolly, Doctor Leake, and several other gentlemen were seated at one side of the fire. On the other stood a vacant chair from which Mr. Daly had been summoned a few minutes before, by the voice of his son in suffering. A little farther back, on a row of chairs which was placed along the wall, the children were seated; some of them with countenances touchingly dejected, and a few of the very youngest appearing still more touchingly unconscious of their misfortune. The remainder of the circle (which though widened to the utmost limit, completely filled the room,) consisted of the more fortuneless connections of the family, their tradesmen, and some of the more comfortable class of tenants.

One or two persons took upon themselves the office of attending to the company, supplying them with liquor, and manufacturing punch, according as the fountain was exhausted.

When Hardress appeared at the door, his eye met that of Connolly, who beckoned to him in silence, and made room for him upon his own chair. He took his place, and looked round for some member of the family. It was perhaps rather to his relief, than disappointment, that he could not discern Kyrle Daly, or his father, among the company.

Shortly afterwards, two or three clergymen made their appearance, and were, with difficulty, accommodated with places. While Hardress was occupied in perusing the countenances of these last, he felt his arm grasped, and, turning round, received a nod of recognition, and a handshake (such as was then in fashion) from Doctor Leake.

“ A dreadful occasion this, doctor,” whispered Hardress.

The doctor shut his eyes, knit his brows, thrust out his lips, and shook his head, with an air of deep reproof. Laying his hand familiarly on Hardress’s knee, and looking fixedly in his face, he said, in a low whisper :—

“ My dear Cregan, ’tis a warning—’tis a warning to the whole country. This is what comes of employing unscientific persons.”

Some whispering conversation now proceeded amongst the guests, which however was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Kyrle Daly at the parlour door. He walked across the room with that port of mournful ease and dignity which men are apt to exhibit under any deep emotion, and took possession of the vacant chair before alluded to. Not forgetful, in his affliction, of the courtesy of a host, he looked around to see what new faces had entered during his absence. He recog-

nized the clergymen, and addressed them with a calm, yet cordial, politeness.

“I hope,” he said, smiling courteously, yet sadly, as he looked round upon the circle: “I hope the gentlemen will excuse my father for his absence. He was anxious to return, indeed; but I prevented him. I thought a second night’s watching would have been too severe a trial of his strength.

A general murmur of assent followed this appeal, and the speaker, resting his forehead on his hand, was silent for an instant.

“I wish you would follow his example, Kyrle,” said Mr. Cregan. “I am sure we can all take care of ourselves, and you must want rest.”

“It is madness,” said Connolly, “for the living to injure their health, when it can be of no possible use.”

“Pray, do not speak of it,” said Kyrle, “if I felt in the least degree fatigued, I should not

hesitate. Lowry !” he added, calling to the servant, who started, and turned round on his heel, with a serious eagerness, that would at any other time have been comic in its effect. “Lowry, will you tell Mrs. O’Connell to send in some tea ? Some of the gentlemen may wish to take it.”

Lowry disappeared, and Kyrle relapsed into his attitude of motionless dejection. A long silence ensued, the guests conversing only by secret whispers, signs, gestures, and significant contortions of the face. It was once more broken by Kyrle, who, looking at Mr. Cregan, said, in a restrained and steady voice :

“Has Hardress returned from Killarney yet, Mr. Cregan ? ”

Hardress felt his blood rush through his veins, like that of a convict, when he hears from the bench those fearful words, “Bring him up for judgment !” He made a slight motion in his chair, while his father answered the question of Kyrle.

“Hardress is here,” said Mr. Cregan, “he came in while you were out.”

“Here! is he? I ought to be ashamed of myself,” said Kyrle rising slowly from his chair, and meeting his old friend halfway with an extended hand. They looked, to the eyes of the guests, pale, cold, and passionless like two animated corpses. “But Hardress,” continued Kyrle, with a ghastly lip, “will excuse me, I hope. Did you leave Mrs. Cregan well?”

“Quite well,” muttered Hardress, with a confused bow.

“I am glad of it,” returned Kyrle, in the same tone of calm, dignified and yet mournful politeness. “You are fortunate, Hardress, in that. If I had met you yesterday, I would have answered a similar question with the same confidence. And see how short——”

A sudden passion choked his utterance, he turned aside, and both the young men resumed their seats in silence.

There was something to Hardress, infinitely humiliating in this brief interview. The manner of Kyrle Daly, as it regarded him, was merely indifferent. It was not cordial, for then it must necessarily have been hypocritical, but neither could he discern the slightest indication of a resentful feeling. He saw that Kyrle Daly was perfectly aware of his treason, he saw that his esteem and friendship were utterly extinct, and he saw, likewise, that he had formed the resolution of never exchanging with him a word of explanation or reproach, and of treating him in future as an indifferent acquaintance, who could not be esteemed, and ought to be avoided. This calm avoidance was the stroke that cut him to the quick.

Lowry now entered with tea, and a slight movement took place amongst the guests. Many left their places, and when order was restored, Hardress found himself placed between two strangers, of a rank more humble than

his own. He continued to sip his tea for some time in silence, when a slight touch on his arm made him turn round. He beheld on his right, an old man dressed in dark frieze, with both hands crossed on the head of his walking stick, his chin resting upon those, and his eyes fixed upon Hardress, with an air of settled melancholy. It was the same old man whose appearance on the avenue had produced so deep an effect on Kyrle Daly—Mihil O'Connor, the rope-maker.

“ I beg your pardon, sir,” he said, gently, “ but I think I have seen your face somewhere before now. Did you ever spend an evening at Garryowen? ”

If, as he turned on his chair, the eye of Hardress had encountered that of the corpse which now lay shrouded and confined in the other room, he could not have experienced a more sudden revulsion of affright. He did not answer the question of the old man, (his

father-in-law! the plundered parent!) but remained staring, and gaping on him, in silence.

Old Mihil imagined that he was at a loss, and labouring to bestir his memory. “Don’t you remember, sir,” he added—“on a Patrick’s eve, saving an old man and a girl from a parcel o’ the boys in Muñgret Street?”

“I do,” answered Hardress, in a low and hoarse voice.

“I thought I remembered the face, and the make,” returned Mihil.—“Well, sir, I’m that same old man, and many is the time since that night that I wished (if it was heaven’s will,) that both she an’ I had died that night, upon that spot together. I wished that when you seen us that time you passed us by, and never *riz* a hand to save us,—always if it was heaven’s will, for I’m submissive, the will of heaven be done, for I’m a great sinner, and I

deserved great punishment, and great punishment I got; great punishment that's laid on my old heart this night!"

"I pity you!" muttered Hardress, involuntarily. "I pity you, although you may not think it."

"For what?" exclaimed the old man still in a whisper, elevating his person and planting his stick upright upon the floor. "For what would you pity me? You know nothing about me, man, that you'd pity me for. If I was to tell you my story, you'd pity me, I know, for there isn't that man living, with a heart in his breast, that would'nt feel it. But I won't tell it to you, sir. I'm tired of telling it, that's what I am. I'm tired of talking of it, and thinking of it, and dreading of it, an' I wisht I was in my grave, to be done with it for ever for a story—always, always," he added, lifting his eyes in devout fear—"always, if it was Heaven's will. Heaven forgi' me! I say

what I ought'nt to say, sometimes, thinken' of it."

"I understand," muttered Hardress, incoherently. The old man did not hear him.

"An' still, for all," Mihil added, after a pause, "as I spoke of it, at all, I'll tell you something of it. That girl you saw that night with me—she was a beautiful little girl, sir, was'nt she?"

"Do you think so?" Hardress murmured, still without knowing what he said.

"Do *I* think so?" echoed the father with a grim smile. "It's little matter what her father thought. The world knew her for a beauty, but what was the good of it? She left me there; afther that night, an' went off with a sthranger."

Hardress again said something, but it resembled only the delirious murmurs of a person on the rack.

"Oh, vo, Eily! that night, that woeful

night!" continued the old man. "I'm ashamed o' myself, to be always this way, like an ould woman, moaning and ochoning, among the neighbours; like an ould goose, that would be cackling afther the flock, or a fool of a little bird, whistling upon a bough of a summer evening, afther the nest is robbed."

"How close this room is!" exclaimed Hardress, "the heat is suffocating."

"I thought at first," continued Mihil, "that it is dead she was, but a lettther come to a neighbour o' mine, to let me know that she was alive and hearty. I know how it was. Some villyan that enticed her off. I sent the neighbour westwards to look afther her, an' I thought he'd be back to day, but he is'nt. I tould him to call at my brother's, the priest's, in Castle-Island. Sure, he writes me word, he seen her himself of a Christmas-day last, an' that she tould him she was married, and coming home shortly. Ayeh, I'm afraid the villyan

degaived her, an' that she's not rightly married; for I made it my business to enquire of every priest in town and counthry, an' none of 'em could tell me a word about it. She degaived me, and I'm afeerd he's degaiven' her. There let him! there let him! But there's a throne in heaven, and there's One upon it, an' that man, an' my daughther, and I, will stand together before that throne one day!"

"Let me go!" cried Hardress, aloud and breaking from the circle, with violence, "let me go! let me go! — can any one bear this?"

Such an incident, amid the general silence, and on this solemn occasion, could not fail to produce a degree of consternation amongst the company. Kyrle looked up with an expression of strong feeling. "What's the matter?" "What has happened?" was asked by several voices. "It is highly indecorous." "It is very unfeeling," was added by many more.

Hardress staid not to hear their observations, but struggled through the astonished crowd, and reached the door. Kyrle, after looking in vain for an explanation, once more leaned down, with his forehead on his hand, and remained silent.

“He’s a good young gentleman,” said Mihil O’Connor, looking after Hardress, and addressing those who sat around him. “I was telling him the story of my daughter. He’s a good young gentleman — he has great nature.”

The unfortunate Hardress, in the meantime, strayed onward through the hall of the cottage, with the feeling of a man who has just escaped from the hands of justice. He entered another room, appropriated to the female guests, where Mrs. O’Connell presided at the tea table. The gradation of ranks in this apartment was similar to that in the other, but the company were not quite so

scrupulous in the maintenance of silence. A general and very ^{*}audible whispering conversation was carried on, in which a few young gentlemen who were sprinkled among the ladies, took no inactive part. A hush, of some moments' duration, took place on the entrance of Hardress, and a hundred curious eyes were turned on his figure. His extreme paleness, the wildness of his eyes, and the ghastly attempt at courtesy which he made as he entered, occasioned a degree of general surprise. He passed on, and took his seat by the side of Mrs. O'Connell, who, like Mihil, placed his agitation to the account of sympathy, and entered him at once upon her list of favourites.

A number of young ladies were seated on the right of this good lady, and at a distance from the long table, round which were placed a number of females of an humbler rank, dressed out in all their finery, and doing honour to Mrs. O'Connell's tea and coffee. One or two young

gentlemen were waiting on the small circle of ladies who sat apart near the fire, with tea, cakes, toast, &c. The younger of the two, a handsome lad, of a cultivated figure, seemed wholly occupied in showing off his grace and gallantry. The other, a grave wag, strove to amuse the ladies by paying a mock ceremonious attention to the tradesmen's wives and daughters at the other side of the fire, and to amuse himself by provoking the ladies to laugh.

Revolutions in private, as in public life, are occasions which call into action the noblest and meanest principles of our nature ; the extremes of generosity and of selfishness. As Lowry Looby took away the tea-service, he encountered, in the hall and kitchen, a few sullen and discontented faces. Some complained that they had not experienced the slightest attention since their arrival, and others declared they had not got "as much as one cup o' tay."

"Why then, mend ye!" said Lowry, "why

did'nt ye call for it ? Do ye think people that's in throuble that way, has nothing else to do but to be thinking of ye, an' of ye'r aiting an' drinking ? What talk it is ? There's people in this world, I b'lieve, that thinks worse of their own little finger, than of the lives an' fortunes of all the rest."

So saying, he took a chair before the large kitchen fire, which, like those in the two other apartments was surrounded by a new class of watchers. On a wooden form at one side, were seated the female servants of the house, and opposite to them the hearse driver, the mutes, the drivers of two or three hack carriages, and one or two of the gentlemen's servants. The table was covered with bread, jugs of punch, and Cork porter. A few, exhausted by the preceding night's watching, and overpowered by the heat of the fire, were lying asleep in various postures, on the settle-bed at the farther end.

“ ’Twill be a great funeral,” said the hearse-driver, laying aside the mug of porter, from which he had just taken a refreshing draught.

“ If it is’nt, it ought,” said Lowry ; “ they’re people, sir, that are well known in the country.”

“ Surely, surely,” said one of the hack-coachmen, taking a pipe from the corner of his mouth, “ an’ well liked, too, by all accounts.”

A moan from the females gave a mournful assent to this proposition.

“ Ah, she was a queen of a little woman,” said Lowry. “ She was too good for this world. O vo ! where’s the use o’ talking at all ? Sure ’twas only a few days since, I was salting the bacon at the table over, an’ she standing a-near me, knitting. ‘ I’m afraid, Lowry,’ says she, ‘ we wo’nt find that bacon enough, I’m sorry I didn’t get another o’ them pigs killed.’ Little she thought that time, that they’d outlast herself. She never lived to see ’em in pickle ! ”

A pause of deep affliction followed this speech, which was once more broken by the hearse-driver.

“The grandest funeral,” said he, “that ever I see in my life, was that of the Marquis of Watherford, father to the present man. It was a sighth for a king. There was six men marching out before the hearse, with goold sticks in their hands, an’ as much black silk about ’em as a lady. The coffin was covered all over with black velvet an’ goold, an’ there was his name above upon the top of it, on a great goold plate intirely, that was shining like the sun. I never seen such a sighthth before nor since. There was forty six carriages afther the hearse, an’ every one of ’em belonging to a lord, or an estated man, at the laste. It flogged all the shows I ever see since I was able to walk the ground.”

The eyes of the whole party were fixed in admiration upon the speaker, while he made

the above oration, with much importance of look and gesture. Lowry, who felt that poor Mrs. Daly's funeral must necessarily shrink into insignificance, in comparison with this magnificent description, endeavoured to diminish its effect upon the imaginations of the company, by a few philosophical remarks.

“ ’Twas a great funeral surely,” he began.

“ Great ! ” exclaimed the hearse-driver, “ It was worth walking to Watherford to see it.”

“ Them that has money,” added Lowry, “ can aisily find mains to sport it. An’ still, for all, now, sir, if a man was to look into the rights o’ the thing, what was the good of all that ! What was the good of it, for him that was in the hearse, or for them that wor after it ? The Lord save us, it is’nt what goold or silver they had upon their hearses, they’ll be axed, where they are going ; only what use they made of the goold an’ silver, that was

given them in this world?—'Tis'nt how many carriages was afther 'em, but how many good actions went before 'em; nor how they were buried, they'll be axed, but how they lived. Them are the questions, the Lord save us, that'll be put to us all, one day; and them are the questions that Mrs. Daly could answer this night, as well as the marquis of Watherford, or any other lord or marquis in the land."

The appeal was perfectly successful: the procession of the marquis, the gold sticks, the silks, the velvet, and the forty-six carriages were forgotten; the hearse-driver resumed his mug of porter, and the remainder of the company returned to their attitudes of silence and dejection.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW THE WAKE CONCLUDED.

It was intended that the funeral should proceed at day-break. Towards the close of a hurried breakfast, which the guests took by candle-light, the tinkling of a small silver bell summoned them to an early mass, which was being celebrated in the room of the dead. As Hardress obeyed its call, he found the apartment already crowded, and a number of the domestics, and other dependants of the family, kneeling at the door and in the

hall. The low murmur of the clergyman's voice was only interrupted occasionally by a faint moan, or a short, thick sob, heard amid the crowd. The density of the press around the door prevented Hardress from ascertaining the individuals, from whom those sounds of affliction proceeded.

When the ceremony had concluded, and when the room became less thronged, he entered, and took his place near the window. There was some whispering between Mrs. O'Connell, his father, Hepton Connolly, and one or two other friends of the family. They were endeavouring to contrive some means of withdrawing Kyrle and his father from the apartment, while that most mournful crisis of this domestic calamity was carried on, the removal of the coffin from the dwelling of its perished inmate. Mr. Daly seemed to have some suspicion of an attempt of this kind, for he had taken his seat close by the

bed's head, and sat erect in his chair with a look of fixed and even gloomy resolution. Kyrle was standing at the head of the coffin, his arms crossed upon the bed, his face buried between them, and his whole frame as motionless as that of one in a deep slumber. The priest was unvesting himself at the table near the window, which had been elevated a little, so as to serve for an altar. The clerk was at his side, placing the chalice, altar-cloths, and vestments in a large ticken bag according as they were folded. A few old women still remained kneeling at the foot of the bed, rocking their persons from side to side, and often striking their bosoms with the cross of the long rosary. The candles were now almost burnt down and smouldering in their sockets, and the winter dawn, which broke through the open window, was gradually overmastering their yellow and imperfect light.

“Kyrle,” said Hepton Connolly, in a

whisper, touching the arm of the afflicted son, "come with me into the parlour, for an instant, I want to speak to you."

Kyrle raised his head, and stared on the speaker, like one who suddenly wakes from a long sleep. Connolly took him by the sleeve with an urgent look, and led him, altogether passive, out of the apartment.

Mr. Daly saw the manœuvre, but he did not appear to notice it. He kept the same rigid, set position, and looked straight forwards with the same determined and unwinking glance, as if he feared that the slightest movement might unhinge his resolution.

"Daly," said Mr. Cregan, advancing to his side, "Mr. Neville, the clergyman, wishes to speak with you in the middle room."

"I will not leave this!" said the widower, in a low, short, and muttering voice, while his eyes filled up with a gloomy fire, and his manner resembled that of a tigress, who suspects

some invasion of her young, but endeavours to conceal that suspicion until the first stroke is made. "I will not stir from this, sir, if you please."

Mr. Cregan turned away at once, and cast a desponding look at Mrs. O'Connell. That lady lowered her eyelids significantly, and glanced at the door. Mr. Cregan at once retired, beckoning to his son that he might follow him.

Mrs. O'Connell now took upon herself the task which had proved so complete a failure in the hands of Mr. Cregan. She leaned over her brother's chair, laid her hand on his, and said in an earnest voice :

"Charles, will you come with me to the parlour for one moment?"

"I will not," replied Mr. Daly, in the same hoarse tone, "I will not go, ma'am, if you please."

Mrs. O'Connell pressed his hand, and stooped over his shoulder. "Charles," she continued with increasing earnestness, "will you refuse me this request?"

“If you please;” said the bereaved husband. “I will not go,—indeed, ma’am, I wont stir!”

“Now is the time, Charles, to show that you can be resigned. I feel for you, indeed I do, but you must deny yourself. Remember your duty to heaven, and to your children, and to yourself. Come with me, my dear Charles!”

The old man trembled violently, turned round on his chair, and fixed his eyes upon his sister.

“Mary,” said he with a broken voice, “this is the last half hour that I shall ever spend with Sally in this world, and do not take me from her.”

“I would not,” said the good lady, unable to restrain her tears, “I would not, my dear Charles. But you know her well. You know how she would act if she were in your place. Act that way, Charles, and that is the greatest kindness you can show to Sally now.”

“Take me where you please,” cried the

old man, stretching out his arms, and bursting into a fit of convulsive weeping, "Oh, Sally," he exclaimed, turning round and stretching his arms toward the coffin, as he reached the door, "Oh, Sally, is this the way that we are parted, after all? This day, I thought your friends would have been visiting you and your babe in health and happiness. They *are* come to visit you, my darling, but it is in your coffin, not in your bed, they find you! They *are* come, not to your babe's christening, but to your own funeral. For the last time now, good bye, my darling Sally. It is not now, to say, good bye for an hour, or good bye for a day, or for a week,—but for ever and for ever; God be with you, Sally! For ever and for ever! They are little words, Mary!" he added, turning to his weeping sister, "but there's a deal of grief in them. Well, now Sally, my days are done for this world. It is time for me, now, to think of a better life. I am satisfied. Far be it from me to murmur. My

life was too happy, Mary, and I was becoming too fond of it. This will teach me to despise a great many things that I valued highly until yesterday, and to warn my children to despise them likewise. I believe, Mary, if every thing in this world went on as we could wish, it might tempt us to forget that there was another before us. This is my comfort—and it must be my comfort now for evermore. Take me where you please now, Mary, and let them take *her*, too, wherever they desire. Oh, Sally, my poor love, it is not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after, that I shall feel your loss, but when weeks and months are gone by, and when I am sitting all alone by the fire-side; or when I am talking of you, to my orphan children. It is then, Sally, that I shall feel what happened yesterday! That is the time when I shall think of you, and of all our happy days, until my heart is breaking in my bosom!" These last sentences the old man spoke standing erect, with his hands

clenched and trembling above his head, his eyes filled up, and fixed on the coffin, and every feature swollen and quivering with the strong emotion. As he concluded, he sank, exhausted by the passionate lament, upon the shoulder of his sister.

Almost at the same instant, little Sally came peeping in at the door, with a face of innocent wonder and timidity. Mrs. O'Connell, with the quick feeling of a woman, took advantage of the incident, to create a diversion in the mind of her brother.

"My dear Charles," she said, "do try and conquer this dejection. You will not be so lonely as you think. Look there, Charles; you have got a Sally still to care for you."

The aged father glanced a quick eye around him, and met the sweet and simple gaze of the little innocent, upturned to seek his own. He shook his sister's hand forcibly, and said with vehemence :—

“ Mary, Mary ! I thank you ! from my heart I am obliged to you for this ! ”

He caught the little child into his breast, devoured it with kisses and murmurs of passionate fondness, and hurried with it, as with a treasure, to a distant part of the dwelling.

Mr. Cregan, in the mean while, had been engaged, at the request of Mrs. O’Connell, in giving out the gloves, scarfs, and cypresses, in the room, which, on the preceding night, had been allotted to the female guests. In this matter, too, the selfishness of some unworthy individuals was made to appear, in their straggles for precedence, and in their dissatisfaction at being neglected in the allotment of the funeral favours. In justice, however, it should be stated that the number of those unfeeling individuals was inconsiderable.

The last and keenest trial was now begun. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of men to the hearse, which was drawn up at the hall

door. The hearse-driver had taken his seat, the mourners were already in the carriages, and a great crowd of horsemen, and people on foot, were assembled around the front of the house, along the avenue, and on the road. The female servants of the family were dressed in scarfs, and huge head dresses of white linen. The house-maid and Winny sat on the coffin, and three or four followed, on an outside jaunting car. In this order, the procession began to move, and the remains of this kind mistress, and affectionate wife and parent, were borne away for ever from the mansion which she had blessed so many years by her gentle government.

The scene of desolation which prevailed from the time in which the coffin was first taken from the room, until the whole procession had passed out of sight, it would be a vain effort to describe. The shrieks of the women and children pierced the ears and the hearts

of the multitude. Every room presented a picture of affliction. Female figures flying to and fro, with expanded arms, and cries of heart-broken sorrow, children weeping and sobbing aloud in each other's arms, men clenching their hands close, and stifling the strong sympathy that was making battle for loud utterance in their breasts, and the low groans of exhausted agony, which proceeded from the mourning coaches that held the father, Kyrle Daly, and the two nearest sons. In the midst of these affecting sounds, the hearse began to move, and was followed to a long distance on its way, by the wild lament that broke from the open doors and windows of the now forsaken dwelling.

“ Oh, mistress ! ” exclaimed Lowry Looby, as he stood at the avenue gate, clapping his hands and weeping, while he gazed, not without a sentiment of melancholy pride, on the long array which lined the uneven road, and

saw the black hearse plumes becoming indistinct in the distance, while the rear of the funeral train was yet passing him by. "Oh, mistress! mistress! 'tis now I see that you are gone in earnest. I never would believe that you wor lost, until I saw your coffin goen' out the doores!"

From the date of this calamity, a change was observed to have taken place in the character and manners of this amiable family. The war of instant affliction passed away, but it left deep and perceptible traces in the household. The Dalys became more grave, and more religious; their tone of conversation of a deeper turn, and the manner, even of the younger children, more staid and thoughtful. Their natural mirth (the child of good nature, and conscious innocence of heart) was not extinguished, the flame lit up again, as time rolled on, but it burned with a calmer, fainter, and perhaps a purer radiance. Their merriment

was frequent and cordial, but it never again was boisterous. With the unhappy father, however, the case was different. *He* never rallied. The harmony of his existence was destroyed, and he seemed to have lost all interest in those occupations of rural industry which had filled up the great proportion of his time from boyhood. Still, from a feeling of duty, he was exact and diligent in the performance of those obligations, but he executed them as a task, not as a pleasure. He might still be found, at morning, superintending his workmen, at their agricultural employments, but he did not join so heartily as of old, in the merry jests and tales which made their labour light. It seemed, as if he had, on that morning, touched the perihelium of his existence, and from that hour, the warmth and sunshine of his course was destined to decline from day to day.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW HARDRESS AT LENGTH RECEIVED SOME NEWS OF EILY.

THE marriage of Hardress Cregan and Anne Chute was postponed for some time, in consequence of this affliction of their old friends. Nothing, in the meantime, was heard of Eily, or her escort; and the remorse, and the suspense endured by Hardress, began to affect his mind and health in a degree that excited deep alarm in both families. His manner to Anne still continued the same as before they were contracted; now, tender, passionate, and full of

an intense affection ; and now, sullen, short, intemperate and gloomy. Her feeling, too, towards him, continued still unchanged. His frequent unkindness pained her to the soul ; but she attributed all to a natural or acquired weakness of temper, and trusted to time and to her own assiduous gentleness to cure it. He had yet done nothing to show himself unworthy of her esteem, and while this continued to be the case, her love could not be shaken by mere infirmities of manner, the result, in all probability, of his uncertain health, for which he had her pity, rather than resentment.

But on Mrs. Cregan it produced a more serious impression. In her frequent conversations with her son, he had, in the agony of his heart, betrayed the workings of a deeper passion, and a darker recollection, than she had ever imagined possible. It became evident to her, from many hints let fall in his paroxysms of anxiety, that Hardress had done something

to put himself within the power of outraged justice, as well as that of an avenging conscience. From the moment on which she arrived at this discovery, she avoided as much as possible all farther conversation, on those topics, with her son, and it was observed that she, too, had become subject to fits of abstraction and of seriousness in her general manner.

While the fortunes of the family remained thus stationary, the day arrived on which Hepton Connolly was to give his hunting dinner. Har-dress looked forward to this occasion with some satisfaction, in the hope that it would afford a certain degree of relief to his mind, under its present state of depression; and when the morning came, he was one of the earliest men upon the ground.

The fox was said to have kennelled in the side of a hill, near the river-side, which, on one side was grey with lime-stone crag, and

on the other covered with a quantity of close furze. Towards the water, a miry, and winding path among the underwood led downward to an extensive marsh, or corcass, which lay close to the shore. It was overgrown with a dwarfish rush, and intersected with numberless little creeks and channels, which were never filled, except when the spring-tide was at the full. On a green and undulating champagne above the hill, were a considerable number of gentlemen mounted, conversing in groups, or cantering their horses around the plain, while the huntsman, whippers-in, and dogs, were busy among the furze, endeavouring to make the fox break cover. A crowd of peasants, boys, and other idlers, were scattered over the green, awaiting the commencement of the sport; and amusing themselves, by criticising with much sharpness of sarcasm, the appearance of the horses, and the action and manner of their riders.

The search after the fox continued for a long time without avail. The gentlemen became impatient, began to look at their watches, and to cast, from time to time, an apprehensive glance at the heavens. This last movement was not without a cause. The morning, which had promised fairly, began to change and darken. It was one of those sluggish days, which frequently usher in the spring season in Ireland. On the water, on land, in air, on earth, every thing was motionless and calm. The boats slept upon the bosom of the river. A low and dingy mist concealed the distant shores and hills of Clare. Above, the eye could discern neither cloud nor sky. A heavy haze covered the face of the heavens, from one horizon to the other. The sun was wholly veiled in mist, his place in the heavens being indicated only by the radiance of the misty shroud in that direction. A thin, drizzling shower, no heavier than a summer dew, descended on the

party, and left a hoary and glistening moisture on their dresses, on the manes, and forelocks of the horses, and on the face of the surrounding landscape.

“No fox to-day, I fear,” said Mr. Cregan, riding up to one of the groups before mentioned, which comprised his son Hardress, and Mr. Connolly. “At what time,” he added, addressing the latter, “did you order dinner? I think there is little fear of our being late for it.”

“You all deserve this,” said a healthy looking old gentleman, who was one of the group, “Feather-bed sportsmen every one of you. I rode out to-day from Limerick myself, was at home before seven, went out to see the wheat shaken in, and on arriving on the ground at ten, found no one there but this young gentleman, whose thoughts seem to be hunting on other ground at this moment. When I was a young man, day-break never found me napping that way.”

“Good people are scarce,” said Connolly, “it is right we should take care of ourselves. Hardress, will you canter this way?”

“He is cantering elsewhere,” said the same old gentleman, looking on the absent boy. “Mind that sigh. Ah, she had the heart of a stone!”

“I suspect he is thinking of his dinner, rather,” said his father.

“If Miss Chute had asked him to make a circuit with her,” said Connolly, “she would not have found it so hard to get an answer.”

“Courage, sir!” exclaimed the old gentleman, “she is neither wed nor dead.”

“Dead, did you say?” cried Hardress, starting from his reverie. “Who says it?—— Ah, I see!”

A burst of laughter, from the gentlemen, brought the young man to his recollection, and his head sunk upon his breast, in silence and confusion.

“Come, Hardress,” continued Connolly, “although you are not in love with me, yet we may try a canter together. Hark! What is that? What are the dogs doing now?”

“They have left the cover on the hill,” cried a gentleman, who was gallopping past, “and are trying the coreass.”

“Poor Dalton!” said Mr. Cregan, “that was the man that would have had old Reynard out of cover before now.”

“Poor Dalton!” exclaimed Hardress, catching up the word with passionate emphasis, “poor—poor Dalton! O days of my youth!” he added, turning aside on his saddle, that he might not be observed, and looking out upon the quiet river, “O days—past, happy days! my merry boyhood, and my merry youth!—my boat! the broad river, the rough west wind, the broken waves, and the heart at rest! O miserable wretch, what have you now to hope for? My heart will burst before I leave this field!”

“The dogs are chopping!” said Connolly, “they have found him. Come! come away!”

“’Tis a false scent,” said the old gentleman, “Ware hare!”

“Ware hare!” was echoed by many voices. A singular hurry was observed amongst the crowd upon the brow of the hill, which overlooked the corcass, and presently all had descended to the marsh.

“There is something extraordinary going forward,” said Cregan, “What makes all the crowd collect upon the marsh?”

A pause ensued, during which Hardress experienced a degree of nervous anxiety, for which he could not account. The hounds continued to chop in concert, as if they had found a strong scent, and yet no fox appeared.

At length a horseman was observed riding up the miry pass before mentioned, and

galloping towards them. When he approached, they could observe that his manner was flurried and agitated, and that his countenance wore an expression of terror, and compassion. He tightened the rein suddenly, as he came upon the group.

“ Mr. Warner,” he said, addressing the old gentleman already alluded to, “ I believe you are a magistrate ? ”

Mr. Warner bowed.

“ Then come this way, sir, if you please. A terrible occasion makes your presence necessary, on the other side of the hill.”

“ No harm, sir, to any of our friends I hope ? ” said Mr. Warner, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping away. The answer of the stranger was lost, in the tramp of the hoofs, as they rode away.

Immediately after, two other horsemen came galloping by. One of them held in his hand a straw bonnet, beaten out of shape,

and draggled in the mud of the corcass. Hardress just caught the word 'horrible,' as they rode swiftly by.

"What's horrible?" shouted Hardress aloud, and rising on his stirrup.

The two gentlemen were already out of hearing. He sunk down again on his seat, and glanced aside at his father and Connolly, "What does he call horrible?" he repeated.

"I did not hear him," said Connolly, "but come down upon the corcass, and we shall learn."

They galloped in that direction. The morning was changing fast, and the rain was now descending in much greater abundance. Still, there was not a breath of wind to alter its direction, or to give the slightest animation to the general lethargic look of nature. As they arrived on the brow of the hill, they perceived the crowd of horsemen and peasants, collected into a dense mass, around one of the little channels,

before described. Several of those in the centre were stooping low, as if to assist a fallen person. The next rank, with their heads turned aside over their shoulders, were employed in answering the questions of those behind them. The individuals who stood outside were raised on tiptoe, and endeavoured, by stretching their heads over the shoulders of their neighbours, to peep into the centre. The whipper-in, meanwhile, was flogging the hounds away from the crowd, while the dogs reluctantly obeyed. Mingled with the press, were the horsemen, bending over their saddle-bows, and gazing downwards on the centre.

“Bad manners to ye!” Hardress heard the whipper-in exclaim, as he passed, “what a fox ye found for us, this morning. How bad ye are, now, for a taste o’ the Christian’s flesh!”

As he approached nearer to the crowd, he was enabled to gather farther indications of the nature of the transaction, from the countenances

and gestures of the people. Some had their hands elevated in strong fear, many brows were knitted in eager curiosity, some raised in wonder, and some expanded in affright. Urged by an unaccountable impulse, and supported by an energy, he knew not whence derived, Hardress alighted from his horse, threw the reins to a countryman, and penetrated the group with considerable violence. He dragged some by the collars, from their places, pushed others aside with his shoulder, struck those who proved refractory with his whip handle, and in a few moments attained the centre of the ring.

Here he paused, and gazed in motionless horror, upon the picture which the crowd had previously concealed.

A small space was kept clear in the centre. Opposite to Hardress, stood Mr. Warner, the magistrate and coroner of the county, with a small note-book in his hand in which he

made some entries with a pencil. On his right stood the person who had summoned him to the spot. At the feet of Hardress was a small pool, in which the waters now appeared disturbed and thick with mud, while the rain descending straight, gave to its surface the semblance of ebullition. On a bank at the other side, which was covered with sea-pink and a species of short moss peculiar to the soil, an object lay on which the eyes of all were bent, with a fearful and gloomy expression. It was for the most part concealed beneath a large blue mantle, which was drenched in wet and mire, and lay so heavy on the thing beneath, as to reveal the lineaments of a human form. A pair of small feet, in Spanish-leather shoes, appearing from below the end of the garment, showed that the body was that of a female; and a mass of long, fair hair, which escaped from beneath the capacious hood, demonstrated that this death, whether the effect of ac-

cident or malice, had found the victim untimely in her youth.

The cloak, the feet, the hair, were all familiar objects to the eye of Hardress. On very slight occasions, he had often found it absolutely impossible to maintain his self-possession in the presence of others. Now, when the fell solution of all his anxieties was exposed before him,—now, when it became evident that the guilt of blood was upon his head,—now, when he looked upon the shattered corpse of Eily, of his chosen and once beloved wife, murdered in her youth—almost in her girlhood, by his connivance, it astopished him to find that all emotion came upon the instant to a dead pause within his breast. Others might have told him that his face was rigid, sallow, and bloodless as that of the corpse on which he gazed. But he himself felt nothing of this. Not a sentence that was spoken was lost upon his ear. He did not even tremble, and a slight anxiety for his personal

safety was the only sentiment of which he was perceptibly conscious. It seemed as if the great passion, like an engine embarrassed in its action, had been suddenly struck motionless, even while the impelling principle remained in active force.

"Has the horse and car arrived?" asked Mr. Warner, while he closed his note-book. "Can any one see it coming? We shall be all drenched to the skin before we get away."

"Can we not go to the nearest Inn and proceed with the Inquest," said a gentleman in the crowd, "while some one stays behind to see the body brought after?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Warner, with some emphasis, "the Inquest must be held *super visum corporis*, or it is worth nothing."

"Warner," whispered Connolly to Cregan with a smile, "Warner is afraid of losing his four-guinea fee. He will not let the body out of his sight."

"You know the proverb," returned Cregan,

“a bird in the hand, &c. What a fine fat fox *he* has caught this morning!”

At this moment the hounds once more opened in a chopping concert, and Hardress, starting from his posture of rigid calmness, extended his arms, and burst at once into a passion of wild fear.

“The hounds! The hounds!” he exclaimed, “Mr. Warner, do you hear them? Keep off the dogs! They will tear her if ye let them pass? Good sir, will ye suffer the dogs to tear her? I had rather be torn myself, than look upon such a sight. Ye may stare as ye will, but I tell you all a truth, gentlemen. A truth, I say;—upon my life, a truth.”

“There is no fear,” said Warner, fixing a keen and practised eye upon him.

“Aye, but there is, sir, by your leave,” cried Hardress, “Do you hear them now? Do you hear that yell for blood? I tell you, I hate that horrid cry. It is enough to make the heart

of a Christian burst. Who put the hounds upon that horrid scent? That false scent! — I am going mad, I think. I say, sir, do you hear that yelling now? Will you tell me now there is no fear? Stand close! Stand close, and hide me — *her*, I mean; stand close!”

“I think there is none whatever,” said the Coroner, probing him.

“And *I tell you*,” cried Hardress, grasping his whip, and abandoning himself to an almost delirious excess of rage. “*I tell you* there is. If this ground should open before me, and I should hear the hounds of Satan yelling upward from the deep, it could not freeze me with a greater fear! But, sir, you can pursue what course you please,” continued Hardress, bowing and forcing a smile, “you are here in office, sir. You are at liberty to contradict as you please, sir, but I have my remedy. You know me, sir, and I know you. I am a gen-

tleman. Expect to hear farther from me on this subject."

So saying, and forcing his way through the crowd, with as much violence as he had used in entering, he vaulted with the agility of a Mercury into his saddle, and galloped, as if he were on a steeple-chase, in the direction of Castle Chute.

"If you are a gentleman," said Mr. Warner, "you are as ill-tempered a gentleman as ever I met, or something a great deal worse."

"Take care what you say, sir," said Mr. Cregan, riding rapidly up, after a vain effort to arrest his son's flight; and after picking up from a straggler, not three yards from the scene of action, the exaggerated report that Hardress and the Coroner had given each other the lie. "Take care what you say, sir," he said. "Remember, if you please,

that the gentleman, ill-tempered or otherwise, is my son."

"Mr. Cregan," exclaimed the Magistrate, at length growing somewhat warm. "If he were the son of the Lord Lieutenant, I will not be interrupted in my duty. There are many gentlemen here present; they have witnessed the whole occurrence, and if they will tell you that I have done or said any thing unbecoming a gentleman, I am ready to give you, or your son either, the satisfaction of a gentleman."

With this pacificatory and Christian-like speech, the exemplary Irish peace-preserver turned upon his heel, and went to meet the carman who was now within a few paces of the crowd.

While the pitying and astonished multitude were conveying the shattered remains of Eily O'Connor to the nearest Inn, her miserable husband was flying with the speed of Fear, in

the direction of Castle Chute. He alighted at the Norman archway, by which Kyrle Daly had entered, on the day of his rejection, and throwing the reins to Falvey, rushed, without speaking, up the stone stair-case. That talkative domestic still retained a lingering preference for the discarded lover, and saw him with grief supplanted by this wild and passionate young gentleman. He remained for a moment, holding the rein in his hand, and looking back with a gaze of calm astonishment at the flying figure of the rider. He then compressed his lips, moved to a little distance from the horse, and began to contemplate the wet and reeking flanks, and trembling limbs, of the beautiful animal. The creature presented a spectacle calculated to excite the compassion of a practised attendant upon horses. His eyes were opened wide, and full of fire--his nostrils expanded, and red as blood. His shining coat was wet from ear to flank, and corded by

numberless veins, that were now swollen to the utmost by the accelerated circulation. As he panted and snorted in his excitement, he scattered the flecks of foam over the dress of the attendant.

“ Oh, murther, murther ! ” exclaimed the latter, after uttering that peculiar sound of pity which is used by the vulgar in Ireland, and in some continental nations. “ Well, there’s a man that knows how to use a horse. Look at that crather ! Well, he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he ought, any gentleman to use a poor dumb crather in that way. As if the hunt was’nt hard enough upon her without bringin’ her up in a gallop to the very doore ! ”

“ An’ as if *my* throuble was’nt enough besides,” grumbled the groom as he took the rein out of Falvey’s hand. “ He ought to stick to his boating, that’s what he ought, an’ to lave

horses for those that knows how to use 'em."

"Who rode that horse?" asked old Dan Dawley, the steward, as he came along sulky and bent by age, to the hall-door.

"The young masther we're gettin'," returned Falvey.

"Umph!" muttered Dawley as he passed into the house, "that's the image of the thratement he'll give all that he gets into his power."

"It's throe for you," said Falvey.

Dawley paused, and looked back over his shoulder. "It's throe for me!" he repeated gruffly. "It's you that say that, an' you were the first to praise him when he came into the family."

"It stood to raison I should," said Falvey. "I liked him then better than masther Kyrle itself, for bein' an offhand gentleman, an' aisily spoken to. But sure a Turk itself

could'nt stand the way he's goin' on of late days ! ”

Dawley turned away with a harsh grunt ; the groom led out the heated steed upon the lawn, and Falvey returned to make the cutlery refulgent in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW HARDRESS MADE A CONFIDANT.

HARDRESS Cregan, in the meantime, had proceeded to the antique chamber, mentioned in our first volume, which led to the drawing-room in the more modern part of the mansion. He flung himself into a chair which stood near the centre of the apartment, and remained motionless for some moments, with hands clasped, and eyes fixed upon the floor. There were voices and laughter in the drawing-room, and he could hear the accents of

Anne Chute, resisting the entreaties of Mrs. Cregan and her mother, while they endeavoured to prevail on her to sing some favourite melody:—

“Anne,” said Mrs. Chute, “do’nt let your Aunt suppose that you can be disobliging. What objection is there to your singing that song?”

“One, I am sure, which Aunt Cregan wo’nt blame me for, mamma. Hardress cannot endure to hear it.”

“But Hardress is not here now, my dear.”

“Ah, ha! aunt! Is that your principle? Would you teach me to take advantage of his absence, then, to foster a little will of my own?”

“Go—go—you giddy girl,” said Mrs. Chute. “Have you the impudence to make your aunt blush?”

“My dear Anne,” said Mrs. Cregan, “if you never make a more disobedient use of your

husband's absence, than that of singing a little song which you love, and which you can't sing in his presence, you will be the best wife in Ireland."

"Very well, aunt, very well. You ought to know the standard of a good wife. You have had some experience, or my uncle (I should say) has had some experience of what a good wife ought to be. Whether his knowledge in that way has been negatively or positively acquired, is more than I'll venture to say."

Hardress heard her run a tender prelude along the keys of her instrument, before she sung the following words :

I.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth, and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.

*Shule ! Shule ! Shule, agra !
Shule, asucur, agus shule, aroon ! **

Come! come! Come, my darling—
Come, softly,—and come, my love !

My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid arise !

II.

Wake, linnet of the osier grove !
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove !
Wake, nestling of a parent's love !
Let Moran see thine eyes.
Shule ! Shule ! &c.

III.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee, for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs.
Shule ! Shule ! &c.

IV.

But we were known from infancy.
Thy father's hearth was home to me,
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.
Shule ! Shule ! &c.

V.

And yet, (to see what Love can do !)
Though calm my hope has burned, and true,
My check is pale and worn for you,
And sunken are mine eyes !
Shule ! Shule ! &c.

VI.

But soon my love shall be my bride,
 And happy by our own fire-side,
 My veins shall feel the rosy tide,
 That lingering Hope denies.
Shule ! Shule ! &c.

VII.

My Mary of the curling hair,
 The laughing teeth and bashful air
 Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
 With blushes in the skies.
Shule ! Shule ! Shule, agra !
Shule asucur, agus shule, aroon !
 My love ! my pearl !
 My own dear girl !
 My mountain maid, arise !

After the song was ended, Hardress heard the drawing-room door open and shut, and the stately and measured pace of his mother along the little lobby, and on the short flight of stairs which led to the apartment in which he sat. She appeared at the narrow stone door-

way, and used a gesture of surprise when she beheld him.

“What, Hardress!” she exclaimed, “already returned! Have ye had good sport to-day?”

“Sport?” echoed Hardress, with a burst of low, involuntary laughter, and without unclasping his wreathed hands, or raising his eyes from the earth, “yes, mother, yes—very good sport. Sport, I think, that may bring my neck in danger, one day.”

“Have you been hurt, then, child?” said Mrs. Cregan, compassionately bending over her son.

Hardress raised himself in his seat, and fixed his eye upon her’s, for a few moments, in gloomy silence.

“I have,” he said, “the hurt that I feared so long, I have got at length. I am glad you have come. I wished to speak with you.”

“Stay a moment, Hardress. Let me close

those doors. Servants are so inquisitive, and apt to pry."

"Aye, now," said Hardress, "now and from this time forth, we must avoid those watchful eyes and ears. What shall I do, mother? Advise me, comfort me! Oh, I am utterly abandoned now, I have no friend, no comforter but you! That terrible hope, that looked more like a fear, that kept my senses on the rack from morn to morn, is fled, at last, for ever! I am all forsaken now."

"My dear Hardress," said his mother, much distressed, "when will you cease to afflict yourself and me with those fancies? Forsaken, do you say? Do your friends deserve this from you? You ask me to advise you, and my advice is this. Lay aside those thoughts, and value as you ought to do, the happiness of your condition. Who, with a love like Anne; with a friend like your amiable college companion, Daly; and with a mother at least devoted in

intention, would deliver himself up as you do, to fantastic dreams of desolation and despair? If, as you seem to hint, you have a cause for suffering in your memory, remember Hardress, that you are not left on earth for nothing. All men have something to be pardoned, and all time here is capable of being improved in the pursuit of mercy."

"Go on," said Hardress, setting his teeth, and fixing a wild stare upon his parent, "you but remind me of my curses. With a love like Anne? One whisper in your ear. I love her not. While I was mad, I did; and in my senses, now, I am dearly suffering for that frantic treason. She was the cause of all my sin and sorrow, my first and heaviest curse. With such a friend?—Why, how you laugh at me! You know how black and weak a part I have played to him, and yet you will remind me that he was my friend! That's kindly done, mother. Listen!" he continued,

laying a firm grasp upon his mother's arm——
“ Before my eyes, wherever I turn me, and whether it be dark or light, I see One, painting the hideous portrait of a fiend. Day after day he comes, and adds a deeper and a blacker tint to the resemblance. Mean fear, and selfish pride, the coarser half of love, worthless inconstancy, black falsehood, and red-handed murder, those are the colours that he blends and stamps upon my soul. I am stained in every part. The proud coward that loved and was silent, when already committed by his conduct, and master of the conquest that he feared to claim. The hypocrite that volunteered a friendship, to which he proved false, almost without a trial. The night-brawler, the drunkard, the faithless lover, and the perjured husband ! Where, who has ever run a course so swift and full of sin as mine ? You speak of heaven and mercy ! Do you think I could so long

have endured my agonies without remembering that? No, but a cry was at its gates before me, and I never felt that my prayer was heard. What that cry was, I have this morning learned. Mother," he added, turning quickly round with great rapidity of voice and action, "I am a murderer."

Mrs. Cregan never heard the words. The look and gesture, coupled with the foregoing speech had pre-informed her, and she fell back, in a death-like faint, into the chair.

"When she recovered, she found Hardress kneeling near her side, pale, anxious and terrified, no longer supported by that hurried energy which he had shown before the revelation of his secret, but helpless, motionless, and desolate, as an exploded mine. For the first time the mother looked upon her child with a shudder, but it was a shudder in which remorse was mingled deeply with abhorrence. She waved her hand two or three times, as if to signify

that he should retire from her sight. It was so that Hardress understood, and obeyed the gesture. He took his place behind the chair of his parent, awaiting with gaping lip and absent eye, the renewal of her speech. The unhappy mother, meanwhile, leaned forward in her seat, covering her face with her hands, and maintained for several minutes that silent communion with herself, which was usual with her, when she had received any sudden shock. A long pause succeeded.

“Are you still in the room?” she said, at length, as a slight movement of the guilty youth struck upon her hearing.

Hardress started, as a school-boy might at the voice of his preceptor, and was about to come forward; but the extended arm of his parent arrested his steps.

“Remain where you are,” she said, “it will be a long time now before I shall desire to look upon my son.”

Hardress fell back, stepping noiselessly on tiptoe, and letting his head hang dejectedly upon his breast.

“If those things are not dreams,” Mrs. Cregan again said, in that calm, restrained tone, which she always used when her mind was undergoing the severest struggles; “if you have not been feeding a delirious fancy, and can restrain yourself to plain terms for one quarter of an hour, let me hear you repeat this unhappy accident. Nay, come not forward, stay where you are, and say your story there. Unfortunate boy! We are a miserable pair!”

She again leaned forward with her face buried in her expanded hands, while Hardress, with a low, chidden, and timid voice, and attitude, gave her, in a few words, the mournful history which she desired. So utterly abandoned was he, by that hectoring energy, which he displayed during his former conversations with his parent, that more than half the tale was drawn

from him by questions, as from a culprit, fearful of adding to the measure of his punishment.

When he had concluded, Mrs. Cregan raised her head with a look of great and evident relief.

“Why, Hardress,” she said, “I have been misled in this. I overleaped the mark in my surmise. You are not then the actual actor of this horrid work !”

“I was not the executioner,” said Hardress. “I had a deputy,” he added with a ghastly smile.

“Nor did you, by word or act, give warrant for the atrocity of which you speak ?”

“Oh, mother, if you esteem it worth your while to waste any kindness on me, forbear to torture my conscience with that wretched subterfuge. I am the murderer of Eily ! It matters not that my finger has not griped her throat, nor my hand been reddened with her blood. My heart, my will, has murdered her. My soul

was even before-hand with the butcher who has sealed our common ruin by his bloody disobedience. I am the murderer of Eily. No, not in act, as you have said, nor even in word! I breathed my bloody thoughts into no living ear. The dark and hell-born flame was smouldered where it rose, within my own lonely breast. Not through a single chink or cleft in all my conduct, could that unnatural rage be evident. When he tempted me aloud, aloud I answered, scorned, and defied him; and, when at our last fatal interview, I gave him that charge which he has stretched to bloodshed, my speech was urgent for her safety."

"Aye!"

"Aye, mother, it is truth! I answer *you* as I shall answer at that dreadful bar, before that Throne the old man told me of, when he and she shall stand to blast me there!"

He stood erect, and held up his hand, as if already pleading to the charge. Mrs. Cregan

at the same moment rose, and was about to address him with equal energy and decision of manner.

“But still,” he added, preventing her, “still I am Eily’s murderer. If I had an enemy, who wished to find me a theme for lasting misery, he could not choose a way more certain than that of starting a doubt upon that subtle and worthless distinction. I am Eily’s murderer. That thought will ring upon my brain, awake or asleep, for evermore. Are these things dreams, said you? Oh, I would give all the whole world of realities to find that I had dreamed a horrid dream, and wake, and die!”

“You overrate the measure of your guilt,” said Mrs. Cregan, and was about to proceed, when Hardress interrupted her.

“Fool that I was!” he exclaimed, with a burst of grief and self-reproach, “fool, mad fool, and idiot that I was! How blind to my own happiness! For ever longing for that which was beyond my reach, and never able to appre-

ciate that which I possessed. In years gone by, the present seemed always stale, and flat, and dreary; the future and the past alone looked beautiful. Now, I must see them all with altered eyes. The present is my refuge, for the past is red with blood, and the future burning hot with shame and fire ! ”

“ Sit down, and hear me, Hardress, for one moment.”

“ Oh, Eily ! ” the wretched youth continued, stretching out his arms to their full extent, and seeming to apostrophize some listening spirit. “ Oh, Eily, my lost, deceived, and murdered love ! Oh, let it not be thus without recal ! Tell me not that the things done in those hideous months are wholly without remedy ! Come back ! Come back ! my own abused and gentle love ! If tears, and groans, and years of self-inflicted penitence, can wash away that one accursed thought, you shall be satisfied. Look there ! ” he suddenly exclaimed, grasping

his mother's arm with one hand, and pointing with the other to a distant corner of the room. "That vision comes to answer me!" He followed a certain line with his finger through the air, as if tracing the course of some hallucination. "As vivid, and as ghastly real, as when I saw it lying, an hour hence, on the wet, cold bank, the yellow hair uncurled, the feet exposed (the feet that I first taught to stray from duty!) the dank, blue mantle, covering and clinging round the horrid form of death that lay beneath. Four times I have seen it since I left the spot, and every time it grows more deadly vivid. From this time forth, my fancies shall be changed; for gloomy visions, gloomier realities; for ghastly fears, a ghastlier certainty."

Here he sunk down into the chair which his mother had drawn near her own, and remained for some moments buried in deep silence. Mrs. Cregan took this opportunity of gently bringing him into a more temperate vein of

feeling ; but her feelings carried her beyond the limit which she contemplated.

“ Mistake me not,” she said, “ unhappy boy ! I would not have you slight your guilt. It is black and deadly, and such as Heaven will certainly avenge. But neither must you fly to the other and worse extreme, where you can only cure presumption by despair. You are *not* so guilty as you deem. That you willed her death was a dark and deadly sin ; but nothing so hideous as the atrocious act itself. One thing, indeed, is certain, that however this affair may terminate, we are an accursed and miserable pair for this world. I in you, and you in me ! Most weak and wicked boy ! It was the study of my life to win your love and confidence, and my reward has been distrust, concealment, and——”

“ Do you reproach me then ? ” cried Har-
dress, springing madly to his feet, clenching his
hand, and darting an audacious scowl upon his

parent, "Beware, I warn you! I am a fiend, I grant you, but it was by your temptation that I changed my nature. You, my mother! You have been my fellest foe! I drank in pride with your milk, and passion under your indulgence. You sport with one possessed and desperate. This whole love-scheme, that has begun in trick and cunning, and ended in blood, was all your work! And do you now——"

"Hold!" cried his mother, observing the fury of his eye, and his hand raised and trembling, though not with the impious purpose she affected to think, "Monster, would you dare to strike your parent?"

As if he had received a sudden blow, Har- dress sunk down at her feet, which he pressed between his hands, while he lowered his forehead to the very dust. "Mother!" he said in a changed and humbled voice, "my first, my constant, and forbearing friend, you are right. I am not quite a demon yet. My brain may fashion

wild and impious words, but it is your son's heart that still beats within my bosom. I did not dream of such a horrid purpose."

After a silence of some minutes, the wretched young man arose, with tears in his eyes, and took his seat in the chair. Here he remained fixed in the same absent posture, and listening, but with a barren attention, to the many soothing speeches which were addressed to him by his mother. At length, rising hastily from his seat, with a look of greater calmness than he had hitherto shown, he said :

"Mother, there is one way left for reparation. I will give myself up."

"Hold, madman!"

"Nay, hold, mother. I will do it. I will not bear this fire upon my brain. I will not still add crime to crime for ever. If I have outraged justice, it is enough. I will not cheat her. Why do you hang upon me? I am weak and exhausted; a child could stay me now,—a flaxen thread could

fetter me. Release me, mother ! There is peace and hope and comfort in this thought. Elsewhere I can find nought but fire and scourges. Oh, let me make this offering of a wretched life to buy some chance of quiet. You are tying me down to misery. I never shall close an eye in sleep again, until I lie upon a dungeon floor. I never more shall smile, until I stand upon the scaffold. Well, well, you will prevail, you will prevail," he added, as his mother forced him back into the chair which he had left, "but I may find a time. My life, I know, is forfeited."

"It is *not* forfeited !"

"Not forfeited ! Hear you, just Heaven, and judge !—The ragged wretch, that pilfers for his food, must die ;—the starving father, who counterfeits a wealthy name to save his children from a horrid death, must die ;—the goaded slave, who, driven from the holding of his fathers, avenges his wrong upon the usurper's property, must die ; and I, who have pilfered for my pas-

sion, I, the hypocrite, the false friend, the fickle husband,—the coward, traitor, and murderer, (I am disgusted while I speak !) *my* life has not been forfeited ! I, alone, stand harmless beneath these bloody laws ! I said I should not smile again, but this will force a laugh in spite of me.”

Mrs. Cregan prudently refrained from urging the subject farther for the present, and contented herself with appealing to his affectionate consideration of her own feelings, rather than reminding him of his interest in the transaction. This seemed more effectually to work upon his mind. He listened calmly and with less reluctance, and was about to express his acquiescence, when a loud and sudden knocking at the outer door of the chamber made him start from his chair, turn pale, and shake in every limb like one convulsed. Mrs. Cregan, who had herself been startled, was advancing towards the door, when the knocking was heard again, though not so loud, against that

which led to the drawing-room. Imagining that her ear, in the first instance, had deceived her, she turned on her steps, and was proceeding toward the latter entrance, when the sound was heard at both doors together, and with increased loudness. Slight as this accident appeared, it produced so violent an effect upon the nerves of Hardress, that it was with difficulty he was able to reach the chair which he had left, without falling to the ground.

The doors were opened—the one to Anne Chute, and the other to Mr. Cregau.

“I am come to tell you, aunt, that dinner is on the table,” said the former.

“And I am come on the very point of time, to claim a neighbour’s share of it,” said Mr. Cregau.

“We are more fortunate than we expected,” said Anne, “We thought you would have dined with Mr. Connolly.”

“Thank you for that hint, my good niece.”

“ Oh, sir, don’t be alarmed ; you will not find us unprovided, notwithstanding. Mr. Hardress Cregan,” she continued, moving towards his chair, with a lofty and yet playful carriage, “ will you allow me to lead you to the dining room ? ”

“ He is ill, Anne, a little ill,” said Mrs. Cregan, in a low voice.

“ Dear Hardress ! you have been thrown ! ” exclaimed Anne, suddenly stooping over him with a look of tender interest and alarm.

“ No, Anne,” said Hardress, shaking her hand in grateful kindness. “ I am not so indifferent a horseman. I shall be better presently.”

“ Go in—go in, ladies,” said Mr. Cregan. “ I have a word on business to say to Hardress. We will follow you in three minutes.”

The ladies left the room, and Mr. Cregan, drawing his son into the light, looked on his

face for some moments with silent scrutiny.

“ I don’t know what to make of it,” he said, at length, tossing his head, “ you’re not flagging, Hardress, are you ? ”

“ Flagging, sir ! ”

“ Yes. You do not feel a little queer about the heart, now, in consequence of this affair ? ”

Hardress started, and shrank back.

“ Whew ! ”—the old sportsman gave utterance to a prolonged sound that bore some resemblance to a whistle. —“ ’Tis all up ! That start spoke volumes. You’ve dished yourself, for ever ; let nobody see you.—Go ! go along into some corner, and hide yourself ; go to the ladies, that’s the place for you. What a fool I was to leave a pleasant dinner party, and come here to look after a——Well, I have seen you stand fire stoutly once. But so it is with all cowards. The worm will turn when trod upon ; and you were primed with strong drink, moreover. But how dared

you—this is my chief point, this—how dared you stand up, and give any gentleman the lie, when you have not the heart to hold to your words ! - What do you stare at ? Answer me ! ”

“ Give any gentleman the lie ! ” echoed Hardress.

“ Yes, to be sure. Did’n’t you give Warner the lie, while ago, upon the corcass ? ”

“ Not I, I am sure.”

“ No ! What was your quarrel then ! ”

“ We had no quarrel. You are under some mistake.”

“ That’s very strange. That’s another affair. It passes all that I have ever heard. The report all over the ground was that you had exchanged the lie, and some even went so far as to say that you had horsewhipped him. It leaves me at my wit’s end.”

At this moment, Falvey put in his head at the door, and said :—

“Dinner, if ye please, gentlemen, the ladies is waitin’ for ye.”

This summons ended the conversation for the present, and Hardress followed his father into the dining room.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW HARDRESS FOUND THAT CONSCIENCE THE SWORN FOE OF VALOUR.

HE, who, when smitten by a heavy fever, endeavours, with bursting head and aching bones, to maintain a cheerful seeming among a circle of friends, may imagine something of Hardress Cregan's situation on this evening. His mother contrived to sit near him during the whole time, influencing his conduct by word and gesture, as one would regulate the movements of an automaton.

The company consisted only of that lady,

her son and husband, and the two ladies of the mansion. The fire burned cheerfully in the grate, the candles were lighted, Anne's harpsichord was thrown open; and had the apartment at that moment been unroofed by the Boiteux, in the sight of his companion, Don Arrias would have pronounced it a scene of domestic happiness, and comfort.

It appeared, from the conversation which took place in the course of the evening, that the coroner had not even found any one to recognize the body, and the Jury, after giving the case a long consideration, had come to the only conclusion, for which there appeared to be satisfactory evidence. They had returned a Verdict of "Found drowned."

"He would be a sharp lawyer," continued Mr. Cregan, "that could take them up on that verdict. I thought there were some symptoms of murder in the case, and wished them to ad-

journal the inquest, but I was overruled. After all, I'll venture to say, it was some love business. She had a wedding ring on."

"Be calm," whispered Mrs. Cregan, laying her hand on her son's arm.

"Some young husband, perhaps, who found he had made a bad bargain. Take care of yourself, Anne;—Hardress may learn the knack of it."

Hardress acknowledged the goodness of this jest by a hideous laugh.

"It was a shocking business!" said Mrs. Chute. "I wonder, Hardress, how you can laugh at it. Depend upon it, it will not terminate in that way. Murder is like fire, it will out at some cleft or another."

"That is most likely to be the case, in the present instance," said Mr. Cregan, "for the clothes in all likelihood will be identified, and Warner has sent an advertisement to all the news-

papers, and to the parish chapels, giving an account of the whole transaction. It is, indeed, quite certain that the case will be cleared up, and the foul play, if there be any, discovered. Whether the penetrators will be detected or not is a different question."

Mrs. Cregan, who was in an agony during this conversation, felt a sudden relief when it was ended by Anne Chute's calling on her uncle for a song.

Mr. Cregan, who was always very funny among young people, replied that he would with all his heart. And accordingly, with a prefatory hem, he threw back his head, raised his eyes to the cornice, dropt his right leg over the left knee, and treated the company to the following effusion, humouring the tune with his head, by slightly jerking it from side to side :

Gilli ma chree,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever,
This hearth's our own
Our hearts are one
And peace is ours for ever !

I.

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover,
With care and pain,
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, 'To other lands I'll roam,
'Where Fate may smile on me, love ;
I said, 'Farewell, my own old home !
And I said 'Farewell to thee, love !'
Sing *Gilli ma chree, &c.*

II.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
'Come live with me, your own true lover ;
I know a spot,
A silent cot
Your friends can ne'er discover.

Where gently flows the waveless tide
 By one small garden only,
 Where the heron waves his wings so wide.
 And the linnet sings so lonely.'
 Sing *Gilli ma chree*, &c.

III.

I might have said,
 My mountain maid,
 A father's right was never given
 True hearts to curse
 With tyrant force
 That have been blessed in heaven.
 But then, I said, 'In after years,
 When thoughts of home shall find her
 My love may mourn with secret tears
 Her friends, thus left behind her.'
 Sing *Gilli ma chree*, &c.

IV.

Oh, no, I said,
 My own dear maid,
 For me, though all forlorn, for ever.
 That heart of thine
 Shall ne'er repine
 O'er slighted duty—never !
 From home and thee though wandering far
 A dreary fate be mine, love ;
 I'd rather live in endless war,
 Than buy my peace with thine, love.'
 Sing *Gilli ma chree*, &c.

v.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure ;
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land
Thy father welcomed me, love ;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love !
Sing *Gilli ma chree*,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever !

It was not until he courted rest and forgetfulness in the solitude of his chamber, that the hell of guilt and memory began to burn within the breast of Hardress. Fears, which until this moment he had despised as weak and childish, now oppressed his imagination with

all the force of a real and imminent danger. The darkness of his chamber was crossed by horrid shapes, and the pillow seemed to burn beneath his cheek, as if he lay on fire. If he dozed, he seemed to be rocked on his bed, as if borne upward on the back of a flying steed, and the cry of hounds came yelling on his ear, with a discord even more terrible than that which rung upon the ear of the hunted Acteon, in the exquisite fiction of the ancients. That power of imagination, in which he had been often accustomed to take pride, as in a high intellectual endowment, became now his most fearful curse ; and, as it had been a chief instrument in his seduction, was also made a principal engine of retribution.

Several circumstances, trifling in themselves, but powerful in their operation upon the mind of the guilty youth, occurred in the course of the ensuing week, to give new fuel to

the passion which preyed upon his nerves. A few of these we will relate, (though immaterial in their influence upon his subsequent fortunes,) if only for the purpose of showing how slight a breath may shake the peace of him who has suffered it to be sapped in the foundation.

When the first agony of his remorse went by, the love of life, triumphant even over that appalling passion, made him join his mother in her fears of a discovery, and her precautions for its prevention. He sought therefore many opportunities of misleading the observation of his acquaintances, and affected to mingle in their amusements with a greater carelessness than he had ever assumed during the period of his uncertainty respecting Eily's fate.

A small party had been formed one morning, for the purpose of snipe shooting, and Har-dress was one of the number. In a rushy

swamp, (adjoining the little bay which had been selected as the scene of the saddle-race so many months before,) the game were said to exist in great quantities, and thither accordingly the sportsmen first repaired. A beautiful, but only half educated pointer, which Hardress procured in Kerry, in his eagerness for sport, had repeatedly broke out of bound, in disregard of all the menaces and entreaties of his owner ; and by these means, on many occasions narrowly escaped destruction. At length, while he was indulging in one of those wild gambols, a bird rose with a sudden shriek from the very feet of Hardress, and flew forward, darting and wheeling in a thousand eccentric circles. Hardress levelled and fired. The snipe escaped, but a mournful howl of pain, from the animal before alluded to, seemed to announce, that the missile had not sped upon a fruitless errand. In a few seconds the poor pointer was seen crawling

out of the rushes, and turning at every step to whine and lick its side, which was covered with blood. The slayer ran, with an aching heart, towards the unfortunate creature, and stooped to assist and to caress it. But the wound was past all remedy. The poor quadruped whimpered, and fawned upon his feet, as if to disarm the suspicion of resentment, and died in the action.

“ Oh, murther, murther ! ” said Pat Falvey, who accompanied the party, “ the poor thing was all *holed* with the shot ! Oh, look at the limbs stiffening——and the light that’s gatherin’ in the eyes !—There’s death, now, masther Hardress, the Lord save us !—there’s death ! ”

“ Where ? ” said Hardress, looking round with some wildness of eye, and a voice which was indicative at the same time of anger and of bodily weakness.

“ There, before your eye, sir,” said Falvey.
“ There’s what we’ll all have to go through

one time or another, the Christain as well as the baste !—"T would be well for some of us, if we had as little to answer for as that poor pointher, afther our doin's in this world."

The other gentlemen had now collected around, with many expressions of condolence on the fate of the poor servant of the chase. Hardress appeared to be affected, in a peculiar manner, by the transaction which he had witnessed. His glances were vague and unsettled, his cheek was deadly pale, and his limbs treimbled exceedingly. This was the first shot he had fired in the course of the day, and the nature of the sport in which he was engaged had not once occurred to him, until he saw the blood flowing at his feet. To a mind like his, always sensitive and reflective, and rendered doubly so by the terrific associations of the last few months, the picture of death in this poor quadruped

was scarcely less appalling than, it might have been in the person of a fellow mortal. He felt his head grow dizzy, as he turned away from the spot ; and, after a few feeble paces, he fell senseless among the rushes.

The gentlemen hastened to his relief, with looks of astonishment rather than of pity. Some there were, imperfectly acquainted with his character, or perplexed by the extraordinary change which it had lately undergone, who winked and sneered, apart, when he was lifted from the earth ; and though no one ventured openly to impute any effeminacy of character to the young gentleman, yet, whenever they spoke of the occurrence in the course of the day, it was not without exchanging a conscious smile.

On another occasion, a boating party was formed, when Hardress, as usual, took the rudder in his hand. His father, on entering the little vessel, was somewhat surprized at

seeing a new boatman seated on the fore-castle.

“Hello!” he said, “what’s your name, my honest fellow?”

“Larry Kett, sir, plase your honour,” returned the man, (a sturdy old person, with a face as black as a storm.)

“Why, Hardress, had you a quarrel with your little hunch-back?”

Hardress stooped suddenly down, as if for the purpose of arranging a block, and after a little silence replied:—

“No quarrel, sir, but he chose to seek another service, and I do not think I have made a bad exchange.”

The conversation changed, and the party (among whom was Anne Chute) proceeded on their excursion. The wind freshened considerably in the course of the forenoon, and before they had reached that part of the river which flowed by the Dairy cottage of Mr. Daly, it

blew a desperate gale. The boatmen, more anxious for the comfort of the ladies, than really apprehensive for the boat, suggested the expediency of putting about on the homeward course before the tide should turn.

“If you hold on,” said the man, with a significant look,” until the tide an’ wind come contrary, there ’ll be a swell there in the channel, that it is as much as you can do to come through it with the two reefs.”

Hardress assented, but it was already too late. They were now a considerable distance below the Cottage, with a strong westerly wind, and a tide within twenty minutes of the flood.

“What are you doing, masther Hardhress?” said the boatman. “Won’t you haul home the mainsheet and gibe?”

Hardress, whose eyes had been fixed on the rocky point before the cottage, started suddenly, and proceeded to execute the nautical manoeuvre in question. The little vessel, as docile to her

helm, as a well mounted hunter to his rider, threw her bow away from the wind, and rushed roaring through the surges with a fuller sail and a fiercer energy. After suffering her to run for a few minutes before the wind, Hardress commenced, with due caution, the somewhat dangerous process of gibing or shifting the mainsail from one side of the vessel to the other.

“Down with ye’r heads ladies, if ye please, take care o’ the boom.”

All the heads were lowered, and the boom swung rapidly across, and the vessel heeled with the sudden impulse, until her leeward gunwale sipped the brine.

“Give her a free sheet, now, masther Hardress,” said Kett, “and we’ll be up in two hours.”

All boatmen know that it requires a much steadier hand and more watchful eye, to govern a vessel when the wind is fair, than when it is adverse. A still greater nicety of attention was re-

quisite in the present instance, as the wind was high, and the now returning tide occasioned, as the boatman predicted, a heavy sea in the channel. It was therefore with considerable chagrin, that Larry Kett perceived his master's mind wandering, and his attention frequently altogether withdrawn from the occupation which he had in hand. That nervous disease, to which he had become a slave for many weeks, approached a species of paroxysm when Hardress found himself once more upon the very scene where he had first encountered danger with the unfortunate Eily, and before that dwelling, beneath whose roof he had plighted, to his forgotten friend, the faith which he had since betrayed. It was impossible his reason could ~~re~~serve its calmness, amid those terrible remembrancers. As the shades of evening fell, assisted by the gloomy clouds that scowled upon the brow of heaven, he became subject to the imaginative weakness of a child. The faces of his companions darkened and grew

strange in his eye. The roar of the waters was redoubled, and the howling of the wind, along the barren shores, brought to his mind the horrid cry of the hounds, by which his guilt and his misery had been so fearfully revealed. The shapes of those whom he had wronged seemed to menace him from the gloomy chasms that gaped around between the enormous billows, and the blast came after with a voice of reproach, as if to hurry him onward to a place of dreadful retribution. Sometimes, the corpse of Eily, wrapt in the blue mantle which she generally wore, seemed to be rolled downward from the ridge of a foaming breaker, sometimes the arms seemed stretched to him for aid; and sometimes the pale and shrouded figure of Mrs. Daly seemed, from the gloom, to bend on him a look of quiet sadness and upbraiding. While wholly absorbed in the contemplation of these phantoms, a rough grasp was suddenly laid upon his arm, and a rough voice shouted in his ear:—

“Are you deaf or dreaming? Mind your hand, or you will put us down!”

Hardress looked around, like one who suddenly awakes from slumber, and saw his father looking on him with an inflamed and angry countenance. In his reverie, a change had taken place, of which he was wholly unconscious. A heavy shower drove full upon the party, the sky had grown still darker, and the wind had risen still higher. The time had long gone by when the spirits of Hardress caught fire from the sight of danger, and when his energies were concentrated by difficulty, as the firmness of an arch is augmented by the weight which it is made to sustain. The suddenness of his father's action startled him to the very heart,—the strange, and as it appeared to him, sudden change in the weather, confirmed the disorder of his senses, and shrinking downward, as a culprit might do from the sudden arrest of an officer of justice, he abandoned the rudder, and fled with murmurs of

affright into the centre of the boat, where he sank exhausted upon the ballast.

The scene of confusion which ensued it is not needful that we should describe. Larry Kett, utterly unable to comprehend what he beheld, took charge of the helm, while the remainder of the party busied themselves in restoring Hardress to some degree of composure. There was no remark made at the time, but, when the party were separating, some touched their foreheads, and compressed their lips in a serious manner ; while others, in secret whispers, ventured for the first time to couple the name of Hardress Cregan with that epithet, which is so deeply dreaded and hated by young men, that they will burst the ties of moral justice, of religion, of humanity, and even incur the guilt of murder, to avoid its imputation,—the epithet of *coward*.

Never was there a being more constitutionally formed for deeds of courage, and of

enterprize, than Hardress ; and yet, (such is the power of conscience), never was a stigma affixed with greater justice. He hurried early to his room, where he passed a night of feverish restlessness, secured indeed from the observation of others, but still subjected to the unwinking gaze of memory, whose glance, like the-diamond eyes of the famous idol, seemed to follow him whithersoever he turned, with the same deadly and avenging expression.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HOW THE SITUATION OF HARDRESS BECAME MORE CRITICAL.

ANOTHER occurrence, mingled with somewhat more of the ridiculous, but not less powerful in its effect upon the mind of Hardress, took place in a few days afterwards.

In the lack of some equally exciting exercise, and in order to form a pretext for his frequent absence from the Castle, Hardress was once more tempted to take up his gun, and look for shore-fowl in the neighbourhood. One morning, when he was occupied in drawing a

charge, in the hall, Falvey came running in to let him know that a flock of May-birds had pitched in one of the gullies in the creek, which was now almost deserted by the fallen tide.

“Are there many?” said Hardress, a little interested.

“Oceans! oceans of ’em, sir,” was the reply of the figurative valet.

“Very well, do you take this bag, and follow me down to the shore. I think we shall get at them most conveniently from behind the lime-kiln.”

This was a commission which Falvey executed with the worst grace in the world. This talkative person was, in fact, a perfect, and even absurd coward, nor did he consider the absence of any hostile intention as a security, when the power of injury was in his neighbourhood. His dread of fire-arms, like that of Friday, approached to a degree of superstition, and it would appear from his conduct, that he had any

thing but a steady faith in the common opinion that a gun must throw its contents in the direction of the bore. Accordingly, it was always with considerable reluctance and apprehension that he accompanied his young master on his shooting excursions. He followed him now with a dejected face, and a sharp and prudent eye, directed ever and anon at the loaded weapon which Hardress balanced in his hand.

They approached the game under cover of a low ruined building, which had been once used as a lime-kiln, and now served as a blind to those who made it an amusement to scatter destruction among the feathered visitants of the little creek. Arrived at this spot, Hardress perceived that he could take the quarry at a better advantage from a sand bank at some distance on the right. He moved accordingly in that direction, and Falvey, after conjecturing how he might best get out of harm's way, crept into the ruined kiln, and took his seat on the loose

stones at the bottom. The walls, though broken down on every side, were yet of a sufficient height to conceal his person, when in a sitting posture, from all observation of man or fowl. Rubbing his hands in glee, and smiling to find himself thus snugly ensconced from danger, he awaited, with an anxiety, not quelled indeed, but yet somewhat diminished, the explosion of the distant engine of death.

But his evil genius, envious of his satisfaction, found means of putting this tranquillity to nought. Hardress altered his judgment of the two stations, and accordingly crept back to the lime kiln with as little noise as he had used in leaving it. He marvelled what had become of Falvey, but reserving the search for him until he had done his part upon the curlew, he went on his knee, and rested the barrel of his piece on the grass-covered wall of the ruin, in such a manner that the muzzle was two inches above the head of the unseen

and smiling, and unconscious Falvey. Having levelled on the centre of the flock, he fired, and an uproar ensued which it is almost hopeless to describe. Half a dozen of the birds fell, without hearing the shot, several fluttered a few paces, and then sunk gasping on the slob. The great mass of the flock rose screaming into the calm air, and were chorussed by the whistling of myriads of sea larks, red-shanks, and other diminutive water-fowl. But the most alarming strain in the concert was played by poor Falvey, who gave himself up for dead on hearing the shot fired close at his ear in so unexpected a manner. He sprung, at one bound, clear out of the lime-kiln, and fell flat on his face and hands upon the short grass, roaring and kicking his heels into the air, like one in the agonies of the colica pictonum. Terrified to the soul by this startling incident, Hardress threw down his gun, and fled as if from the face of a fiend.

In the meantime, the cries of the prostrate Falvey attracted to his relief a stranger, who had hitherto lain concealed under a projection of the bank. He jumped up on the wall of the kiln, and remained gazing for some moments on the fallen man, with an expression which partook more of curiosity than of compassion. Seeing the gun, he imagined that Falvey had fired the shot himself, and experienced some injury from the recoil. It was with a kind of sneer, therefore, that he took up the weapon, and proceeded to question the sufferer.

“What’s de matter wit you, man alive? What makes you be roarin’ dat way?”

“I’m *hot*!”* returned Falvey with a groan. “I’m hot. The master holed me with the shot. Will I get the priest? Will I get the priest it-self?”

* An Irish preterite for the word *hit*.

“Where did he hole you?”

“There, in the lime-kiln this minute. Will I get the priest?”

“I mane, where are you hot? In what part o’ your body?”

“Oyeh, it is all one,” said Falvey, a little perplexed by the question. “I felt it in the very middle o’ my heart. Sure I know I’m a gone man!”

“How do you know it, ayeh? Straighten yourself, an’ sit up a bit. I do’nt see any signs of a hole.”

Falvey sat up, and began to feel his person in various places, moaning the whole time in the most piteous tone, and looking occasionally on his hands, as if expecting to find them covered with blood. After a minute examination, however, no such symptoms could be discovered.

“A’, dere’s no’tin de matter wit you,

man," said the stranger. "Stand up, man, you're as well as ever you wor."

"Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, rising and looking about him with some briskness of eye. "But sure I know," he added, suddenly drooping, "'tis the way always with people when they're holed by a gun, they never feel it untill the moment they dhirop."

"Well, an' is'nt it time for you to tink of it when you begin to feel it?" returned the stranger.

"Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, with increasing confidence. "That I may be blest," he added, swinging his arms, and moving a few paces with greater freedom, "that I may be blest if I feel any pain!—Faiks, I thought I was *hot*. But there's one thing any way. As long as ever I live, I never again will go shooting with any man, gentle or simple, during duration."

“Stay a minute,” said the stranger, “won’t you go out for the curlews.”

“Go out for ’em yourself, an’ have ’em if you like,” returned Falvey, “it’s bother enough I got with ’em, for birds.”

He took up the gun and pouch, and walked slowly away, while the stranger, after slipping off his shoes and stockings, and turning up the knees of his under-garment, walked out for the game. He had picked up one or two of the birds, and was proceeding farther along the brink of the gully, when a sudden shout was heard upon the rocky shore on the other side of the creek. The stranger started and looked, like a frightened deer, in that direction, where Falvey beheld a party of soldiers running down the rocks, as if with the purpose of intercepting his passage round a distant point by which the high road turned. The stranger, possibly aware of their intention, left his shoes, the game, and all, behind him, and fled rapidly

across the slob, in the direction of the point. It was clear the soldiers could not overtake him. They halted, therefore, on the shore, and levelling their pieces with deliberation, fired several shots at the fugitive, as after a runaway prisoner. With lips a-gape with horror, Falvey beheld the shining face of the mud torn up by the bullets within a few feet of the latter. He still, however, continued his course unhurt, and was not many yards distant from the opposing shore, when (either caught by a trip, or brought down by some bullet, better aimed) he staggered, and fell in the marl. He rose again, and again sunk down upon his elbow, panting for breath, and overpowered by fatigue and fear. Falvey delayed to see no more ; being uncertain at whom their muskets would be next directed. Lowering his person, as far as might be consistent with a suitable speed, he ran along the hedge-ways in the direction of the Castle.

In the meantime, Hardress, full of horror at the supposed catastrophe, had hurried to his sleeping room, where he flung himself, at full length, upon the bed, and sought, but found not, relief, in exclamations of terror and of agony. "What!" he muttered through his clenched teeth, "shall my hands be always bloody? Can I not move, but death must dog my steps? Must I only breathe to suffer and destroy?"

A low and broken moan, uttered near his bedside, made him start with a superstitious apprehension. He looked round, and beheld his mother, kneeling at a chair, her face pale, excepting the eyes, which were inflamed with tears. Her hands were wreathed together, as if with a straining exertion, and sobs came thick and fast upon her breath, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them. In a few minutes, while he remained gazing on her, in some perplexity, she arose from her knees, and, standing by his bedside, laid her hand quietly upon his head.

“I have been trying to pray,” she said, “but I fear in vain. It was a selfish prayer, for it was offered up for you. If you fear death and shame, you will soon have cause to tremble. For a mother who loves her son, all guilty as he is, and for a son who would not see his parents brought to infamy, there have been fearful tidings here since morning.”

Hardress could only look the intense anxiety which he felt, to learn what those tidings were.

“In few words,” said Mrs. Cregan, “the dress of that unhappy girl has been recognized, and by a train of circumstances (command yourself a while!)—circumstances which this sick head of mine will hardly allow me to detail, suspicion has fallen upon your former boatman and his family. Do you know where he is?”

“I have not seen him since the—the—I know not,—but my orders were, that he should leave the country, and I gave him money for the purpose.”

“Thank heaven for that!” Mrs. Cregan exclaimed, with her usual steady energy, while she clasped her hands together, and looked upward with a rapt fervour of expression. The action, however, was quickly altered to a chilly shudder. She looked suddenly to the earth, veiling her eyes with her hand, as if a rapid light had dazzled her. “Thank heaven!” she repeated, in a tone of terrified surprize. “(O mighty Being, Origin of Justice, and Judge of the guilty, forgive me for that impious gratitude! Oh, Dora Cregan, if any one had told you in your youth that you should one day thank heaven to find a murderer safe from justice! I do not mean you, my child,” she said, turning to Hardress, “you are no murderer.”

Hardress made no reply, and Mrs. Cregan remained silent for a few minutes, as if deliberating on the course which it would be necessary for her to adopt. The deception practised on Anne Chute was not among the least

of those circumstances which made her situation one of agonizing perplexity. But her fate had been already decided, and it would be only to make the ruin of her son assured, if she attempted now to separate the destiny of Anne from theirs.

“We must hasten this marriage,” Mrs. Cregan continued, after a silence of some minutes, “and, in the meantime, endeavour to get those people, the Naughtens, out of the way. They will be sought for without delay. Mr. Warner has been enquiring for you, that he might obtain some information of your boatman. I told him that you had parted with the man long since, and that you did not know whither he had gone. Do you think you could sustain an interview with him?”

Hardress, who was now sitting up pale, and with features dragged by terror, on the bedside, replied to this question by a chilly shudder, and a vacant stare.

“We must keep him out, then,” said his mother, “or if he must see you, it shall be in your chamber. There is still one way by which you might be saved, the way which you proposed yourself, though I was not then sufficiently at ease to perceive its advantages. Go boldly forward and denounce this wretch, lay all the information in your power before the magistrate, and aid the officers of justice in bringing him to punishment.”

Hardress turned his dull and bloodshot eyes upon his mother, as if to examine whether she was serious in this proposition. If a corpse, rigid in death, could be stimulated to a galvanic laugh, one might expect to find it such a hideous convulsion, as Hardress used on discovering that she did not mock.

“No, mother,” he said, curbing the Sardonic impulse. “I am not innocent enough for that.”

“Why will you so perversely do yourself

a wrong?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Neither in your innocence, nor in your culpability, do you seem to form a proper estimate of your conduct. You are not so guilty as——"

"Very true, mother," said Hardress, impatient of the subject, and cutting it short with a burst of fierceness, scarcely less shocking than his laughter. "If the plea of conscious guilt will not suffice, you may take my refusal upon your own ground. I am too innocent for that. I am not fiend enough for such a treachery. Pray let me hear no more of it, or I shall sicken. There's some one has knocked three times at the room door. I am quite weary of playing the traitor, and if I had nothing but pure heart-sickness to restrain me, I should yet long for a reform. My brain will bear no more; a single crime would crush it now. Again?—There's some one at the door."

“ Well, Hardress, I will speak with you of this at night.”

“ With all my heart. You say things sometimes that go near to drive me mad, but yet you always talk to me as a friend, for my own sake, and kindly. Mother!” he added, suddenly laying his hand on her arm, as she passed him, and as the light fell brighter on her thin and gloomy features. “Mother, how changed you are since this unhappy act! You are worn out with fears and sorrows. It has been my fate, or fault—(I will not contend for the distinction,) to scatter poison in the way of all who knew me. A lost love for one, for another, falsehood, desertion, death. For a third duplicity and ingratitude, and even for you, my mother, ill health, a sinking heart and a pining frame. I can promise nothing now. My mind is so distracted with a thousand images and recollections, (each one of which, a year since, I would have thought sufficient to unsettle my

reason,) that I know not how to offer you a word of comfort. But if these gloomy days should be destined to pass away, and (whether by penitence, or some sudden mercy,) my heart should once again be visited with a quieter grief, I will then remember your affection."

There was a time when this speech would have been moonlight music to the ear of Mrs. Cregan. Now, her esteem for Hardress being fled, and a good deal of self-reproach brought in to sour the feeling with which she regarded his conduct, it was only in his moments of danger, of anger, or distress, that her natural affections were forcibly aroused in his behalf. Still, however, it did not fail to strike upon her heart. She sunk weeping upon his neck, and loaded him with blessings and caresses.

"I do not look for thanks, Hardress," she said, at length disengaging herself, as if in reproof of her weakness, "because I do the

part of a mother. All that you have said, my child, in my regard, is very vain and idle. A quiet, at least a happy, fire-side is a blessing that I can never more enjoy, nor do I even hope for it. It is not because I think you guilt not worthy of the extreme punishment of the laws, that therefore, I should deem it possible we can either of us forget our share in the horrid deed that has been done. Let us not disguise the truth from our own hearts. We are a wretched, and a guilty, pair, with enough of sin upon our hands to make our future life a load of fear and penitence."

"I did but speak it," said the son, with some peevishness of tone, "in consideration of your suffering."

"I wish, Hardress, my child, that you had considered me a little more early."

"You did not encourage me to a confidence," said Hardress. "You repressed it."

"You should not," retorted the mother,

“have needed an encouragement, under circumstances so decisive. Married! If you had breathed a word of it to me, I would have sooner died than urged you as I did.”

“I told you I was pledged.”

“You did: aye, there indeed, my son, your reproach strikes home. I thought that you would only break a verbal troth, and most unjustly did I wish that you should break it. How fearfully has heaven repaid me for that selfish and unfeeling act! But you were all too close and secret for me. Go—go, unhappy boy; you taunt me with the seduction which was only the work of your own shameful passion.”

This painful dialogue, which, perhaps, would have risen to a still more bitter tone of recrimination, was broken off by a renewal of the summons at the door. It appeared as if the applicant for admission had gone away in

despair, and again returned after a fruitless search elsewhere. On opening the door, Mrs. Cregan encountered the surly visage of Dan Dawley, who informed her in his usual gruff and laconic phrase that her presence was required in the ball-room;—such was the name given to that apartment in which Hardress had made to her a confession of his guilt. When she had left the chamber, Hardress, who grew momentarily more weak and ill, prepared himself for bed, and bade the old steward send him one of the servants. This commission the surly functionary discharged, on returning to the servant's hall, by intimating his master's desire to Pat Falvey, who had entered some time before.

Mrs. Cregan, in the mean time, proceeded to the chamber above mentioned, which she could only reach by passing through the narrow hall and winding staircase near the entrance. The former presented a scene calculated to alarm and perplex

her. A number of soldiers, with their soaped and powdered queues, and musket barrels shining like silver, were stuck up close to the wall on either side, like the wax figures in the shop of a London tailor. On the gravel, before the door, she could see a number of country people, who had collected about the door, wondering what could have brought 'the army' to Castle Chute. From the door of the kitchen and servant's hall, a number of heads were thrust out, with faces indicative of a similar degree of astonishment and curiosity.

Passing through this formidable array, Mrs. Cregan ascended the stairs, and was admitted at the door of the ball-room by a figure, as solemn and formidable as those below. The interior of the room presented a scene of still more startling interest. A table was spread in the centre, around which were standing Mr. Warner the magistrate, Mr. Barnaby Cregan, Captain Gibson, and a clerk. At the

farther end of the table, his arm suspended in a cotton handkerchief, stood a low, squalid, and ill-shaped figure, his dress covered with mud, and his face, which was soiled with blood and mud, rather expressive of surprise and empty wonder, than of apprehension or of suffering.

Mrs. Cregan, who recognised the figure, paused for a moment in a revulsion of the most intense anxiety, and then walked calmly forward with that air of easy dignity which she could assume even when her whole nature was at war within her. This power of veiling her inward struggles even to the extremity of endurance, made her resemble a fair tower sapped in the foundation, which shows no symptom of a weakness, up to the very instant of destruction; and is a ruin, even before the sentiment of admiration has faded on the beholder's mind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE DANGER TO THE SECRET OF HÄRDRESS WAS AVERTED BY THE INGENUITY OF IRISH WITNESSES.

MR. WARNER informed her that it was no longer necessary that her son's assistance should be afforded them, as they had had the good fortune to apprehend the object of their suspicions. They should however, he said, be compelled to await the arrival of their witnesses, for nothing had been gained by putting the fellow on his examination. His answers were all given in the true style of an Irish witness, seeming to evince the utmost frankness, and yet invariably

leaving the querist in still greater perplexity than before he put the question. Every hour, he said they expected the arrival of this man's brother and sister from Killarney, and they should then have the opportunity of confronting them with him, and with their previous witnesses.

"I have already sent off a messenger," continued Mr. Warner, "to my own little place, to see if they have yet arrived, in order that they may be brought hither and examined on the spot. The inconvenience to Mrs. Chute, I hope she will excuse, and my principal reason for wishing to see you, Mrs. Cregan, was, that you might bear our explanations to that lady. On an occasion of this kind, all good subjects are liable to be trespassed on, perhaps more than courtesy might warrant."

"I will answer for my sister," said Mrs. Cregan coldly, "she will not, of course, withhold any accommodation in her power. But this man, —has he been questioned, sir?"

"He has."

“ Might I be allowed to see the examination? ”

“ By all means, Mrs. Cregan. Mr. Houlahan, will you hand that book to the lady.”

Mr. Houlahan, after sticking his pen behind his ear, rose and delivered the volume accordingly, with a smirk and bow, which he meant for a wonder of politeness. The lady, whose thoughts were busy with other matters than with Mr. Houlahan's gallantry, received it nevertheless with a calm dignity, and opening her reading glass, stooped to the page which that gentleman had pointed out. She glanced with some assumed indifference over the details of the Examination of Daniel Mann, while she devoured its meaning with an agonizing closeness of scrutiny. The passage which concerned her most was the following :

“———Questioned, If he were known to the deceased Eily O'Connor, answereth, He hath

met such a one in Garryowen, but knoweth nothing farther. Questioned, If he heard of her death, answereth, Nay. Questioned, If he knoweth a certain Lowry Looby, living; answereth, Yes. Questioned, Whether Eily O'Connor did not lodge for a time in the house of Philip Naughten, Killarney; answereth, How should he be aware of his brother-in-law's lodgers. Saith, He knoweth not. Questioned, If he were not present in said Naughten's house, when said Eily, deceased, said Looby being then in Naughten's kitchen, did give a letter to Poll Naughten, sister to prisoner, addressed to Dunat O'Leary, hair-cutter, Garryowen, and containing matter in the hand-writing of said Eily; answereth, How should he (prisoner) see through a stone-wall. Saith, He was in the kitchen. Saith, Looby was a fool, and that his eyes were not fellows. Saith, He knoweth not who was in the said inner-room. Questioned, Why he was discharged out of the

employment of his master, Mr. Hardress Cregan ; answereth, He knoweth not. Questioned, Where he hath been residing since he left his master's service ; answereth, It is a token that examinant doth not know, or he would not ask ; and the like impertinent and futile answers, with sundry speeches little to the purpose, hath the prisoner responded to all subsequent enquiries."

With a feeling of relief, Mrs. Cregan returned the book to the clerk, and glancing towards the prisoner, observed that his eye was fixed on her's with a look of shrewd and anxious enquiry. To this glance she returned one equally comprehensive in its meaning. It told him she was fully in the counsels of her son, and prepared him to be guided by her eye.

At the same moment, the sentinel was heard presenting arms at the door, and a corporal entered to say that Mr. Warner's messenger had

returned, and that the witnesses might be expected in a few minutes.

“All’s right then,” said Mr. Warner, who entered on a scrutiny of this kind with the same professional gout which might make Xenophon find excitement amid his difficulties, or Antony in the intricacies of the American retreat. “Remove the prisoner. We shall examine them apart, and see if their stories will bear the jangling. If they are all as much given to the negative as this fellow, I am afraid we shall find it hard to make them jar.”

This was a moment of intense anxiety to Mrs. Cregan. She saw no probability of being able to communicate with the prisoners, (for such were all the witnesses at present,) and she comprehended all the importance of preventing, at least, the chance of Hardress’s name being mingled up with the account of the

unknown visitor at the cottage of the Naughtens.

A little experience however in the proceedings of Irish law courts would have given her more courage and comfort on this subject. The peasantry of Ireland have, for centuries, been at war with the laws by which they are governed, and watch their operation in every instance with a jealous eye. Even guilt itself, however naturally atrocious, obtains a commiseration in their regard from the mere spirit of opposition to a system of government which they consider as unfriendly. There is scarcely a cottage in the south of Ireland where the very circumstance of legal denunciation would not afford even, to a murderer, a certain passport to concealment and protection. To the same cause may be traced, in all likelihood, the shrewdness of disguise, the closeness, the affected dulness, the assumed simplicity, and all the inimitable subtleties of evasion and of

wile which an Irish peasant can display when he is made to undergo a scene of judicial scrutiny, and in which he will frequently display a degree of gladiatorial dexterity that would throw the spirit of Machiaveli into ecstasies.

While Mrs. Cregan remained endeavouring to control the workings of her apprehension, a bustle was heard outside the door, in which the sound of a female voice, raised high in anger and remonstrance, overtopped the rest in loudness like a soprano voice in a chorus.

“Let me in!” she exclaimed in a fierce tone, “do you want to thrust your scarlet jacket between the tree and the rind? Let me in, you tall ramrod, or I’ll pull the soap an’ powder out of your wig. If I had you on the mountains, I’d cut the pig’s tail from your pole, an’ make a show o’ you. Do, do—draw your baguet on me, you cowardly object! It’s

like the white blood o' the whole of ye!—I know fifty lads of your size that would think as little of tripping you up on a fair green, and making a high-road of your powdered carcass, as I do of snapping my fingers in your face! That, for your rusty bagnet, you woman's match!"

Here she burst into the room, and confronted the magistrate, while the centinel muttered as he recovered his guard. "Well, you're a rum one, you are, as ever I see."

"Danny, a' ragal! Oh vo, ohone, achree, asthora! is that the way with you? What did you do to 'em? what's the matther?"

"Dat de hands may stick to me, Poll, if I know," returned the prisoner, while she moaned and wept over him with a sudden passion of grief. "Dey say 'tis to kill some one, I done. Dey say one Eily O'Connor was a lodger of ours westwards, an' dat I tuk her out of a night an'

murdered her. Is'nt dat purty talk? Sure you know yourself we had no lodgers?"

"Remove that prisoner," said Mr. Warner, "he must not be present at her examination."

"I'll engage I have no longin' for it," returned Danny, "she knows right well that it is all talks, an' tis well I have a friend at last dat 'll see me out o' trouble."

Danny was removed, and the examination of Poll Naughten was commenced by the magistrate. She had got but one hint from her brother, to guide her in her answers, and on all other topics she came to the resolution, in secret, of admitting as little as possible.

"Your name is Poll Naughten. Stay, she is not sworn. Hand her the book."

She took the volume with an air of surly assurance, and repeated the form of the oath.

"She did not kiss it," whispered Mr. Houla-

han, with a sagacious anxiety, "she only kissed her thumb. I had my eye upon her."

"Had you? Well, gi' me the book, 'till I plase that gentleman. Is that the way you'd like to lip the leather?" she said, after a smack, that went off like a detonating cap. "Is that done to your liking, sir?"

Mr. Houlahan treated this query with silence, and the examination proceeded.

"Poll Naughten is your name, is it not?"

"Polly Mann, they christened me, for want of a betther, an' for want of a worse, I took up with Naughten."

"You live in the gap of Dunlough?"

"Iss, when at home."

"Did you know the deceased Eily O'Connor?"

"Eily who?"

"O'Connor!"

"I never knew a girl o' that name."

"Take care of your answers. We have strong evidence."

“If you have it as strong as a cable, you may make the most of it. You have my answer.”

“Do you know a person of the name of Looby?”

“I do, to be sure, for my sins, I believe.”

“Do you remember his being in your house in the end of the last autumn?”

“I do well, an’ I’d give him his tay the same night, if it was’nt for raisons.”

“Did you give him a letter on that evening?”

“He made more free than welcome, a dale. I can tell him that.”

“Answer my question. Did you give him a letter?”

“Oyeh, many’s the thing I gave him, an’ I’m only sorry I didn’t give him a thing more along with ’em, an’ that was a good flaking.”

“Well, I do’nt deny you credit for your good wishes, in that respect, but still I wait to have my question answered. Did you give Looby a letter on that evening?”

“Listen to me, now, please your honour. That the head may go to the grave with me——”

“Those asseverations, my good woman, are quite superfluous. You should remember you are on your oath.”

“Well, I am, sure I know I am upon my oath, an’ as I am upon it, an’ by the vartue o’ that oath, I swear I never swopped a word with Lowry Looby from that day to this.”

“Whew!” said the magistrate, “there’s an answer. Hear me, my good woman. If you won’t speak out, we shall find a way to make you speak.”

“No use in wasting blows upon a willing horse. I can do no more than speak to the best of my ability.”

“Very well. I ask you again, therefore, whether Looby received a letter from you on that evening?”

“Does Lowry say I gev him a letter?”

“You will not answer then?”

“To be sure I will, What am I here for?”

“To drive me mad, I believe.”

“Faiks, I cant help you,” said Poll, “when you won’t listen to me.”

“Well, well, speak on.”

“I will, then, without a word of a lie. I’ll tell you that whole business, an’ let Lowry himself conthradict me if he daar do it. ’Tis as good as six years ago, now, since I met that boy at one o’ the Hewsan’s wakes.”

“Well, what has that to do with an answer to a plain question?”

“Easy a minute, can’t you, an’ I’ll tell you. He behaved very polished that night, an’ I seen no more of him until the day you spake of, when he come into the cottage from Killarney.”

“Woman,” said the magistrate, “remember that you have s’worn to tell the whole truth, not only the truth, but the whole truth.”

“Ah, then, gentlemen an’ lady, d’ye hear

this ! Did any body ever hear the peer o' that ? Sure its just the whole truth I'm tellin' him, an' he won't listen to the half of it."

"Go on," said Mr. Warner, in a tone of resignation.

"Sure that's what I want to do, if I'd be let. I say this, an' I'll stand to it, Lowry gave me impidence that I would'nt stand from his masther, au' I did, (let him make the most of it,) I admit it, I did give him a sthroke or two. I did. I admit it."

"And after the *sthrokes*, as you call 'em, you gave him a letter ?"

"What letther ?"

"I see ; you are very copious of your admissions. Are you Philip Naughten's wife !"

"I am."

"Aye, now we're upon smooth ground. You can give an answer when it suits you. I'm afraid you are too many for me. What

shall we do with this communicative person?" he said, turning to the other gentlemen.

"Remand her," said Captain Gibson, whose face was purple from suppressed laughter, "and let us have the husband."

"With all my heart," returned Mr. Warner, "Take that woman into another room, and bring up Philip Naughten. Take care, moreover, that they do not speak upon the way."

Poll was removed, a measure which she resented by shrill and passionate remonstrances, affecting to believe herself very ill-treated. Her husband was next admitted, and from his humble, timid, and deprecating manner, at once afforded the magistrate some cause of gratulation; and Mrs. Cregan of deep and increasing anxiety.

He approached the table with a fawning smile upon his coarse features, and a helpless, conciliating glance at every individual around him.

“ Now, we shall have something,” said Mr. Warner, “ this fellow has a more tractable eye. Your name is Philip Naughten, is it not ? ”

The man returned an answer in Irish, which the magistrate cut short in the middle.

“ Answer me in English, friend. We speak no Irish here. Is your name Philip Naughten ? ”

“ Tha wisha, vourneen——— ”

“ Come—come—English—Swear him to know whether he does not understand English. Can you speak English, fellow ? ”

“ Not a word, plase your honour.”

A roar of laughter succeeded this escapade, to which the prisoner listened with a wondering and stupid look. Addressing himself in Irish to Mr. Cregan, he appeared to make an explanatory speech which was accompanied by a slight expression of indignation.

“What does the fellow say?” asked Mr. Warner.

“Why,” said Cregan, with a smile, “he says he will admit that he could’nt be *hung in English before his face* *—but he does not know enough of the language to enable him to *tell his story* in English.”

“Well, then, I suppose we must have it in Irish. Mr. Houlahan, will you act as interpreter?”

The clerk who thought it *genteel* not to know Irish, bowed and declared himself unqualified.

“Wisha, then,” said a gruff voice at a little distance, in a dark corner of the room,

* A common phrase, meaning that the individual understood enough of the language to refute any calumny spoken in his presence, which if uncontradicted, might leave him in danger of the halter. The acute reader may detect in this pithy idiom a meaning characteristic of the country in which it is used.

“it is’nt but what you had opportunities enough of learning it. If you went in foreign parts, what would they say to you, do you think, when you’d tell ’em you didn’t know the language ’o the counthry where you born? You ought to be ashamed o’ yourself, so you ought.”

This speech, which proceeded from the unceremonious Dan Dawley, produced some smiling at the expense of the euphuistic secretary, after which the steward himself was sworn to discharge the duties of the office in question.

The preliminary queries having been put, and answered, the interpreter proceeded to ask, at the magistrate’s suggestion, whether the witness was acquainted with the deceased, Eily O’Connor?

But if it had been the policy of Mrs. Naughten to admit as little as possible, it seemed to be the policy of her husband to

admit nothing at all. The subterfuge of the former in denying a knowledge of Eily, under her maiden name, (which, she imagined, saved her from the guilt of perjury,) was an idea too brilliant for her husband. He gaped upon the interpreter in silence for some moments, and then looked on the magistrate as if to gather the meaning of the question.

“Repeat it for him,” said the latter.

Dawley did so.

“’Tis the answer he makes me, plase your honour,” he said, “that he’s a poor man that lives by indushtering.”

“That’s no answer. Repeat the question once more, and tell him I shall commit him for trial if he will not answer it?”

Again the question was put, and listened to with the same plodding, meditative look, and answered with a countenance of honest grief, and an apparent anxiety to be understood, which would have baffled the penetration

of any but a practised observer. So earnest was his manner that Mr. Warner really believed he ~~was~~ returning a satisfactory answer. But he was disappointed.

“He says,” continued the interpreter, “that when he was a young man, he rented a small farm from Mr. O’Connor, of Crag-beg, near Tralee. He has as much thricks in him, plase your honour, as a rabbit. I’d as lieve be brakin’ stones to a paviour as putting questions to a rogue of his kind.”

Threats, promises of favour, lulling queries, and moral expedients of every kind, were used to draw him out into the communicative frankness which was desired. But he remained as unimpressible as adamant. He could or would admit nothing more than that he was a poor man, who lived by his industry, and that he had rented a small farm from Mr. O’Connor, of Crag-leg.

The prisoners, therefore, after a short con-

sultation, were all remanded, in order that time might be afforded for confronting them with the friends of the unhappy Eily.* Mrs. Cregan, with the feeling of one who has stood all day before a burning furnace, hurried to the room of Hardress to indulge the tumult which was gathering in her bosom; and the gentlemen, by a special invitation, (which could no more be declined without offence, in the Ireland of those days, than in a Persian cottage,) adjourned to the consolations of Mrs. Chute's dining parlour. Separate places of confinement were allotted to the three prisoners; a sentinel was placed over each, and the remainder of the party, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Gibson, were all entertained like princes in the servant's hall.

CHAPTER XL.

HOW HARDRESS TOOK A DECISIVE STEP FOR
HIS OWN SECURITY.

THE hospitalities of Castle Chute were on this evening called into active exercise. If the gravest occasion of human life, the vigil of the dead, was not in those days always capable of restraining the impetuous spirit of enjoyment so much indulged in Irish society, how could it be expected that a mere anxiety for the interests of justice could interrupt the flow of their social gaiety? Before midnight, the house rang with laughter, melody, and

uproar, and in an hour after, every queue in the servant's hall was brought into a horizontal position. Even the three that stalked on guard were said to oscillate on their posts with an ominous motion, as the bells in churches forbode their fall when shaken by an earthquake.

Hardress^{*} continued too unwell to make his appearance, and this circumstance deprived the company of the society of Anne Chute, and indeed of all the ladies, who took a quiet and rather mournful cup of tea by the drawing-room fire. The wretched subject of their solicitude lay burning on his bed, and listening to the boisterous sounds of mirth that proceeded from the distant parlour, with the ears of a dreaming maniac.

The place in which his former boatman was confined had been a stable, but was now become too ruinous for use. It was small, and roughly paved. The rack and manger were

yet attached to the wall, and a few slates, displaced upon the roof, admitted certain glimpses of moonshine, which fell cold and lonely on the rough, unplastered wall and eaves, making the house illustrious, like that of Sixtus the Fifth. Below, on a heap of loose straw, sat the squalid prisoner, warming his fingers over a small fire, leaped against the wall ; and listening in silence to the unsteady tread of the sentinel, as he strode back and forward before the stable-door, and hummed, with an air of suppressed and timid joviality, the words :

“ We won’t go home till morning,
We won’t go home till morning,
We won’t go home till morning,
Until the dawn appears ! ”

A small square window, closed with a wooden bar and shutters, was to be found above the rack, and opened on a hay-yard, which being raised considerably above the level of the stable

floor, lay only a few feet beneath this aperture. Danny Mann was in the act of devouring a potatoe reeking hot, which he had cooked in the embers, when a noise at the window made him start, and set his ears like a watch-dog. It was repeated. He stood on his feet, and crept softly into a darker corner of the stable, partly in superstitious apprehension, and partly in obedience to an impulse of natural caution. In a few minutes one of the shutters was put gently back, and a flood of mild light was poured into the prison. The shadow of a hand and head were thrown with great distinctness of outline on the opposing wall; the other shutter was put back, with the same caution, and in a few moments nearly the whole aperture was again obscured, as if by the body of some person entering. Such, in fact, was the case; and the evident substantiality of the figure did not remove the superstitious terrors of the prisoner, when he beheld a form

wrapt in white descending by the bars of the rack, after having made the window close again, and the apartment, in appearance at least, more gloomy than ever.

The intruder stood at length upon the floor, and the face, which was revealed in the brown fire-light, was that of Hardress Cregan. The ghastliness of his mouth and teeth, the wildness of his eyes, and the strangeness of his attire, (for he had only wrapped the counterpane around his person) might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed the idea of a supernatural appearance. But these circumstances only tended to arouse the sympathy and old attachment of his servant. Danny Mann advanced towards him slowly, his hands wreathed together, and extended as far as the sling which held the wounded arm would allow, his jaw dropt—half in pity and half in fear, and his eyes filled with tears.

“Master Hardress,” he said at length, “is it you I see dat way?”

Hardress remained for some time motionless as a statue, as if endeavouring to summon up all his corporeal energies, to support him in the investigation which he was about to make.

“Won’t you speak to me, master?” continued the boatman, “won’t you speak a word itself? ’T^{is} was all my endeavour since I came hether to thry an’ get ’em to let me speak to you. Say a word, master, if it is only to tell me ’tis yourself that’s there!”

“Where is Eily?” murmured Hardress, still without moving, and in a tone that seemed to come from the recesses of his breast, like a sound from a sepulchre.

The boatman shrank aside, as if from the eye of Justice itself. So suddenly had the question struck upon his conscience, that the inquirer was obliged to repeat it, before he could collect his breath for an answer.

“Master Hardress, I tought, after I parted you dat time—”

"Where is Eily?" muttered Hardress, interrupting him.

"Only listen to me, sir, one moment—"

"Where is Eily?"

"Oh, vo! vo!—"

Hardress drew the counterpane around his head, and remained for several minutes silent in the same attitude. During that time the drapery was scarcely seen to move, and yet hell raged beneath it. A few moans of deep, but smothered agony were all that might be heard from time to time. So exquisite was the sense of suffering which these sounds conveyed, that Danny sank trembling on his knees, and responded to them with floods of tears and sobbing.

"Master Hardress," he said, "if there's any thing that I can do to make your mind aisy, say the word. I know dis is my own business, an' no one else's. An' if dey find me out, itself, dey'll never be one'straw de wiser of who advised me to it. If you tink I'd tell, you don't know

me. Dey may hang me as high as dey like ;— dey may flake de life out o' me, if dey please, but dey never 'll get a word outside my lips of what it was dat made me do it. Didn't dey try me to-day, an' didn't I give 'em a sign o' what I'd do ?”

“Peace, hypocrite!” said Hardress, disgusted at a show of feeling to which he gave no credit. “Be still, and hear me. For many years back, it has been my study to heap kindnesses upon you. For which of those was it, that you came to the determination of involving me in ruin, danger, and remorse for all my future life,—a little all, it may be, certainly ?”

It would seem from the manner in which Danny gaped and gazed on his master, while he said these words, that a reproach was one of the last things he had expected to receive from Hardress. Astonishment, blended with something like indignation, took place of the compassion which before was visible upon his countenance.

“I don’t know how it is, master Hardress,” he said. “Dere are some people dat it is hard to plase. Do you remember saying anyting to me at all of a time in de room at de master’s at Killarney, Master Hardress? Do you remember givin’ me a glove at all? I had my token surely for what I done.”

So saying, he drew the glove from the folds of his waistcoat, and handed it to his master. But the latter rejected it with a revulsion of strong dislike.

“I tought I had ears to hear, dat time, an’ brains to understand,” said Danny as he replaced the fatal token in his bosom, “an’ I’m sure, it was no benefit to me dat dere should be a hue and cry over de mountains after a lost lady, an’ a chance of a hempen cravat for my trouble. But I had my warrant. Dat was your very word, master Hardress, *warrant*, was’nt it? ‘*Well, when you go,*’ says you,

'*here is your warrant.*' An' you ga' me de glove. Wor'nt dem your words?"

"But not for death," said Hardress. "I did not say for death."

"I own you did'nt," returned Danny, who was aroused by what he considered a shuffling attempt to escape out of the transaction. "I own you did'nt. I felt for you, an' I would'nt wait for you to say it. But did you mane it?"

"No!" Hardress exclaimed, with a burst of sudden energy. "As I shall answer it in that bright heaven, I did not. If you crowd in among my accusers at the judgment seat, and charge me with that crime, to you, and to all, I shall utter the same disclaimer, that I do at present. I did *not* mean to practise on her life. As I shall meet with her before that judge, I did not. I even bade you to avoid it, Danny. Did I not warn you not to touch her life?"

"You did," said Danny, with a scorn which

made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After dis, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he mains. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you'll persuade me to it, I'll own dat dere is nothing as I see it. You may tell me, I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat de moon is shining through dat roof above us, nor de fire burning at my back, an' I'll not gainsay you, after dis. But listen to me, master Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning; an' as sure as I'm here, an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went."

"From what could you gather it?" said Hardress, with a deprecating accent.

"From what? From every ting. Listen hether. Did'nt you remind me den of my own offer on de Purple Mountain a while before, an' tell me dat if I was to make dat offer again, you'd tink defferent? An' did'nt you giv'

me de token dat you refused me den? Ah, dis is what makes me sick, after I putting my neck into de halter for a man. Well, it's all one. An' now to call me out o' my name, an' tell me I done it all for harm! Dear knows, it was'nt for any good I hoped for it, here or hereafter, or for any pleasure I took in it, dat it was done. And talkin' of hereafter, Master Hardress, listen to me. Fily O'Connor is in heaven, an' she has told her story. Dere are two books kept dere, dey tell us, of all our doings, good and bad. Her story is wrote in one o' dem books, an' my name, (I'm sore afeerd) is wrote after it; an' take my word for dis, in which ever o' dem books my name is wrote, your own is not far from it."

As he spoke those words, with an energy beyond what he had ever shewn, the fire fell in, and caused a sudden light to fill the place. It shone, ruddy brown, upon the excited face, and uplifted arm of the deformed,

and gave him the appearance of a fiend, denouncing on the head of the affrighted Hardress the sentence of eternal woe. It glared likewise upon the white drapery of the latter, and gave to his dragged and terrified features a look of ghastliness and fear, that might have suited such an occasion well. The dreadful picture continued but for a second, yet it remained engraved upon the sense of Hardress, and like the yelling of the hounds, haunted him awake, and dreaming, to his death. The fire again sunk low, the light grew dim. It came like a dismal vision of the ephialtes, and, like a vision, faded.

They were aroused from the pause to which this slight incident gave occasion, by hearing the sentinel arrest his steps as he passed before the door, and remain silent in his song, as if in the act of listening.

“All right within there?” said the sentinel, with his head to the door.

“All’s right *your* way, but not *my* way,” returned Danny, sulkily.

In a few minutes, they heard him shoulder his musket once again, and resume his walk, humming with an air of indifference, the same old burthen :—

“ We wo’nt go home till morning,
Until the dawn appears.”

Hardress remained gazing on his servant for some moments, and then said in a whisper :

“ He has not heard us, as I feared. It is little worth, at this time, to consider on whom the guilt of this unhappy act must fall. We must at least avoid the shame, if possible. Could I depend upon you once again, if I assisted in your liberation, on the understanding that you would at once leave the country ? ”

The eyes of the prisoner sparkled with a sudden light. “ Do you tink me a fool ? ” he said. “ Do you tink a fox would refuse to run to earth, wit de dogs at his bush ? ”

“Here then!” said Hardress, placing a purse in his hand, “I have no choice but to trust you. This window is unguarded. There is a pathway to lead you through the hay-yard, and thence across the field, in the direction of the road. Depart at once, and without farther question.”

“But what’ll I do about that fellow?” said Danny. “Dat sentry comes by constant dat way you hear him now, axing me if all’s right?”

“I will remain here and answer for you,” said Hardress, “until you have had time to escape. In the mean time, use your utmost speed, and take the road to Cork, where you will be sure to find vessels ready to sail. If ever we should meet again on Irish soil, it must be for the death of either, most probably of both.”

“An’ is dis de way we part after all?” said Danny, “Well, den, be it so. Perhaps after

you tink longer of it, master, you may tink better of me."

So saying, he sprang on the manger, and ascended (notwithstanding his hurt) with the agility of a monkey, to the window. A touch undid the fastening, and in a few moments Hardress became the sole occupant of the temporary dungeon.

He remained for a considerable time, leaning with his shoulder against the wall, and gazing with a vacant eye on the decaying fire. In this situation, the sentinel challenged several times in succession, and seemed well content with the answers which he received. But the train of thought which passed through the mind of Hardress became at length so absorbing that the challenge of the soldier fell unheard upon his ear. After repeating it without avail three or four times, the man became alarmed, and applying the butt of his musket at the door, he forced it in without much effort.

His astonishment may be conceived, when instead of his little prisoner, he beheld a tall figure wrapt in white, and a ghastly face on which the embers shed a dreary light. The fellow was a brave soldier, but (like all people of that class in his time) extremely superstitious. His brain, moreover, was heated with whiskey punch, and his imagination excited by numberless tales of horror which had been freely circulated in the servant's hall. Enough only remained of his presence of mind, to enable him to give the alarm by firing his musket, after which he fell senseless on the pavement. Hardress, no less alarmed on his own part, started into sudden energy, and climbing to the window, with an agility even surpassing that of the fugitive, hurried off in the direction of his sleeping chamber.

There were few in the house who were capable of adopting any vigorous measures on hearing the alarm. Hastening to the spot,

they found the sentinel lying senseless across the stock of his musket, the stable door open, and the prisoner fled. The man himself was enabled, after some time, to furnish a confused and broken narrative of what he had seen, and his story was in some degree confirmed by one of his comrades, who stated that at the time when the shot was fired he beheld a tall white figure gliding rapidly amongst the haystacks towards the end of the little enclosure, where it vanished in the shape of a red heifer.

The sentinel was placed under arrest in an apartment of the Castle, until the pleasure of his officer could be known respecting him. Captain Gibson, however, in common with the other gentlemen, and the greater number of his soldiers, was, at this moment, wholly incapable either of conceiving or expressing any opinion whatsoever.

This story, as usual, was circulated through-

out the country in the course of the following day, with many imaginative embellishments. Amongst other inventions it was said that the ghost of Eily O'Connor had appeared to the centinel to declare the prisoner's innocence and demand his liberation. Many persons adduced the well known character of Eily as a ground for lending credence to this fiction. "It was like her," they said; "she was always a tender-hearted creature."

The evidence remaining against the other prisoners was now so immaterial, that their dismissal became a necessary consequence. Several efforts were made to draw them into some confession of their participations in the offence alleged, but if they were cautious in their admissions while the murderer was in custody, they would make no admission whatever after hearing of his escape. Equally unavailable were all the exertions made for the recapture of the suspected fugitive, and in a few

weeks the affair had begun to grow unfamiliar to the tongues and recollections of the people.

Notwithstanding the assurances of Danny, and the danger which he must incur by remaining in the country, a doubt would frequently cross the mind of Hardress, whether he had in reality availed himself of his recovered freedom to leave it altogether. He had money; he had many acquaintances; and he was an Irishman; an indifferent one it is true, but yet possessing the love of *expense*, of dissipation, and the recklessness of *danger*, which mingle so largely in the temperament of his countrymen. It was almost an even question, whether he would not risk the chances of detection, for the sake of playing the host among a circle of jolly companions in the purlieus of his native city. These considerations, often discussed between Hardress and his now miserable mother, made them agree to hasten the day of marriage, with the un-

derstanding that, (by an anticipation of the modern fashion,) the “happy pair,” were to leave home immediately after the ceremony. The south of France was the scene fixed upon for the commencement of their married life, the month of honey.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW THE ILL-TÉMPER OF HARDRESS AGAIN
BROUGHT BACK HIS PERILS.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, which occurred during the intervening period, once more put Hardress to a severe probation. It was not the less severe, moreover, that it came like the accesses of a nervous disorder, suddenly, and from a cause extremely disproportioned to its violence.

He had been conversing with his intended bride, on that day which was fixed upon as the penultimate of their courtship, with a more than usual appearance of enjoyment.

Anne, who looked out for those breaks of sunshine in his temper, as anxiously as an agriculturist might for fair weather in a broken autumn, encouraged the symptom of returning peace, and succeeded so happily as to draw him out into quick and lively repartees, and frequent bursts of laughter. Unfortunately, however, in her ecstacy at this display of spirits, she suffered her joy to hurry her unwisely into the forbidden circle which enclosed his secret, and their music turned to discord. She thought this holiday hour afforded a fair opportunity to penetrate into the Blue Chamber of his heart, from which he had so often warned her, and which a better impulse than curiosity urged her to explore. She did not know that the interior was defiled with blood.

“Well Hardress,” she said, with a smile that had as much of feeling as of mirth—“is not this a happier score for counting time, than

sitting down to shut our eyes and ears to the pleasant world about us, and opening them on a lonesome past, or a foreboding future ?”

If the clouds of the past, and the future, both, had met and mingled in the mid-heaven of consciousness, they could not have cast a darker or more sudden shade, than that which now overspread the brow of Hardress. The laughter darkened on his cheek, his eye grew stern and dull, and his whole being, from the inmost feeling of his nature, to the exterior on which those feelings were indicated, seemed to have undergone an instantaneous change.

Anne perceived her error, but did not cease to follow up her claim upon his confidence.

“ Do not let me feel,” she said, “ that I have brought back your gloom. Dear Hardress, hear me still without uneasiness. My sole intention is that of procuring your health

and peace of mind ; and surely, it should not be considered an intrusion that I desire your confidence. Do you fear to find in me anything more foreign than a near and interested friend ? Believe me you shall not, Hardress. I am driven upon this enquiry in spite of me. There is something hidden from me which it would be kinder to reveal. I see it prey upon your own health and spirits, day after day. I see it even fixing its cruel hold at length upon my aunt. You meet, with a consciousness in your eyes, and you both glance from time to time at me, as if I were a stranger or—— I should not say it, perhaps—a spy. If I come upon you when you speak together, there is a hush at my appearance, and sometimes an embarrassed look, and I have often seen trouble in your eyes, and tears in her's. Tell me, my dear Hardress, what is the cause of this ? You either apprehend, or you have endured, some terrible misfortune. It is

not now the time to treat me as a stranger."

She ceased to speak, and seemed to expect an answer, but Hardress said not a word. He remained with his hands crossed on the back of the chair, his cheek resting upon these, and his eyes fixed in gloomy silence on the floor.

"Or if you do not think me worthy of a confidence," Anne resumed, with some warmth, "at least——Nay, but I am ill-tempered now," she added, suddenly checking herself. "I should not say that. I would say, Hardress, if you really find yourself prevented from admitting me into your confidence, at least assure yourself of this. If it is any thing in your present situation—in—in—I fear to say too much, in your engagements with myself that interferes with your peace of mind, I—I had rather suffer any thing—than—than—be the cause of suffering to you."

She turned away as she said these words, to hide from him the burst of tears with which they were accompanied. She pressed her handkerchief against her lips, and used a violent, though silent, effort to avoid the convulsive utterance of the grief that struggled at her heart.

It often happens that the most sensitive persons are those who are most blind to, and make least allowance for, the susceptibility of others. The long habit of brooding over his own wants and sufferings made Hardress incapable, for the moment, of appreciating the generous affection which this speech evinced. He answered gloomily that, "there were many things in the minds of all men which they would hide if possible even from themselves, and which therefore they could not reasonably be expected to communicate over readily to another, however undeniable the claim to confidence might be."

With this cold answer the conversation ceased. A little, yet but a little, warmed, to find her generous proposal—(a proposal which cost her so much agony,) thus unhandsomely received, Anne dried her tears, and remained for some minutes in that sorrowing and somewhat indignant composure to which in virtuous breasts the sense of unmerited injury gives birth. Subduing, however, as she had long since learned to do, her personal feelings, to a sense of duty, she forced herself to assume an air of cheerfulness, and once more resumed the tone of conversation which had preceded this unfortunate failure. Again her accustomed spirits arose at her desire, and again she was successful in withdrawing Hardress from his mood of dismal meditation.

One remarkable feature in the mental disease of Hardress, (for such it might now be justly termed,) was, as we have before remarked, the extreme uncertainty, and arbitrariness of its

accesses. His existence seemed to be without a basis, his mind without a centre, or a rest. He had no consciousness of duty to support him, no help from heaven, and no trust in man. Even the very passion that ate up his soul was incapable of affording to his mind that firmness of purpose and false strength which passion often gives ; for his was merely retrospective, and had no object in the future. He became a passive slave to his imagination. Frequently, while enjoying a degree of comparative tranquillity, the thought would suggest itself to his fancy, that, “ perhaps this very day, secure as he believed himself, might see him manacled, and in a dungeon.” Instead of quietly turning his attention away to an indifferent subject, or baffling the suggestion (as a guiltless person might,) by resigning himself to a directing Providence, he combatted it with argument, it increased and fastened on his imagination, until at length his nerves

began to thrill, his limbs grew faint, his brow moist, and his whole being disturbed as at the presence of an actual danger. At other times, when sitting alone, it would occur to him that his servant might, notwithstanding his caution, have abused his confidence and remained in the country. The idea of the danger, the ruin, which would most probably attend such disobedience, frequently produced so violent an effect upon his mind, that he would spring from his seat in a transport of phrenzy, sink on one knee, and press both hands with his utmost force against the ground as if in the act of strangling the delinquent. Then, hearing the footstep of Anne or of his mother approaching the door, he would arise suddenly, covered with shame, and reach his chair exactly in time to avoid detection.

Soon after the conversation we have above detailed, Mr. Cregan entered, and some question arose on the escape of Mr. Warner's

prisoner, and the possibility of his recapture. This led naturally to a disquisition on the nature of the crime alleged against him, and of capital punishments in general.

“ People have hinted,” said Mr. Cregan, “ that this after all might have been a case of suicide, and for my part I don’t see the impossibility.”

“ I should think it very unlikely,” said Anne, “ suicide is a very un-Irish crime. The people are too religious for it, and some people say too miserable.”

“ *Too miserable !*” exclaimed Mr. Cregan, “ now I should think that the only cause in the world *for* suicide ; the only possible palliative.”

“ I am not metaphysical enough to account for it,” returned Anne with a smile, “ and I only repeat a sentiment which I heard once from Hardress. But their misery, at all events, is a cause for their piety, and in that

way may be a cause of their resignation also."

"Of all crimes," said Mr. Cregan, "that is the most absurd and unaccountable, and I wonder how jurymen can reconcile it to themselves to bring in their shameless verdicts of insanity so constantly as they do. When you hear of a fellow's cutting his throat, look at the inquest, and if you can't laugh at the evidence, you have nothing in you. The deceased was observed to be rather silent and melancholy the day before, he wore his hat on one side, a fashion which his nearest acquaintances had never observed him to use till then, he called his wife out of her name, and went into the rain without an umbrella. I should like to see how far such evidence would go to prove a case of lunacy in Chancery."

"Then you would, I suppose, uncle, have the law put in force in all its rigour, con-

fiscation of property, and impaling the body on a cross road ? ”

“ Impaling the bodies ! ” exclaimed Cregan in a transport of zeal, “ I would almost have ’em impaled alive ! Why do you laugh ? A bull, is it ? adad, and so it is. Then it is time for me to cut and run.” So saying, he made his exit with the utmost speed, while his niece leaned aside, and laughed.

Hardress heard all this with what might be supposed the sensation of one who finds himself struck by death, while witnessing a farce. But he succeeded in concealing his emotions from the observation of his young friend.

The time was now arrived for their customary morning walk, and Anne arranged her bonnet and cloak before the large pier-glass, while she continued from time to time to address herself to Hardress. He had already taken his hat and gloves, and not liking the subjects on which she was speaking, paced

up and down the room in gloomy and fretful impatience.

“What a dreadful death hanging must be!” said Anne, as she curled up a wandering tress upon her fingers, “I wonder how any temptation can induce people to run the risk of it.”

“Come — come,” said Hardress, “the morning will change, if you delay.”

“An instant only. If you would but deliver yourself up for a moment to such a day-dream, you may imagine something of the horror of it. Suppose yourself now, Hardress, marching along between two priests, with a hangman after you, and the rope about your neck, and a great crowd of people shouldering each other to obtain one glance at you——and——”

“There’s a rain-cloud in the west,” said Hardress, “we shall lose the best part of the day.”

“I am just ready,” returned Anne, “but

let me finish my picture. Imagine yourself, now, at the place of execution ; that you feel your elbows tied behind, and that shocking cap put-down upon your eyes."

"Yes, yes, it is very pretty," said Hardress peevishly, "but I wish you would think of what you are about."

"You ascend, and there is a dreadful buz amongst the people, your heart beats, your brain grows dizzy, you feel the hangman's iron fingers on your neck, the drop begins to grow unfirm beneath your feet."

"You will drive me mad!" roared Hardress, stamping on the floor in a paroxysm of fury. "This is intolerable! I bid you make yourself ready to walk, and instead of doing so, you talk of death and hangmen, halters and ignominy, as if there were not real woe enough on earth, without filling the air around us with imaginary horrors. Forgive me, Anne," he added, observing the air of astonishment and

sudden reserve with which she regarded him, as alarming as it was ominous, "forgive me for this ill-tempered language. You know my very being hangs upon you, but I am sick and sad, and full of splenetic thoughts."

"Hardress," said Anne, after a long pause, "I have borne a great deal from you, but——"

"Nay, Anne," said Hardress, taking her hand with much anxiety and submissiveness of look, "do not say more at present. If I could tell you what is passing in my mind, you would pity, and not blame, me. You are almost the only thing in this world, in my present state of ill health, in which my heart is interested, and if you look cold upon me, my life will indeed grow wintry. This will not, I hope, continue under a sunnier sky, and more indulgent air. You must not be angry with me for having a set of clamorous nerves."

After an interval of silent reflection, Anne took his arm without reply, and they proceeded

on their walk. She did not, however, cease to meditate seriously and deeply on the scene which had just taken place.

The morning was fair, and freshened by a gentle wind. The boats sped rapidly along the shores, the sea-gull sailed with wings outspread, and motionless, upon the breeze. The sea-lark twittered at the water's edge, the murmur of the waves, as they broke upon the strand, sounded sweet and distant, the green leaves quivered and sparkled against the sunshine, the peasants laughed and jested at their labour in the fields, and all was cheering, tender, and pastoral around them.

On a sudden, as they approached an angle in the road, the attention of our loiterers was caught by sounds of boisterous mirth, and rustic harmony. In a few seconds, on reaching the turn, they beheld the persons from whom the noise (for we dare not call it music), proceeded. A number of young peasants, dressed

out in mumming masquerade, with their coats off, their waistcoats turned the wrong side outward, their hats, shoulders, and knees, decorated with gay ribbands, (borrowed for the occasion, from their fair friends), their faces streaked with paint of various colours, and their waists encircled with shawls and sashes, procured most probably from the same tender quarter. Many of them held in their hands long poles with handkerchiefs fluttering at the top, and forming a double file on either side of half a dozen persons, who composed the band, and whose attire was no less gaudy than that of their companions. One held a pipolo, another a fiddle, another a bagpipe. A fourth made a dildorn* serve for tambourine, and a fifth was beating with a pair of spindles on the bottom of an inverted tin-can, while he imitated with

* A vessel used in winnowing wheat, made of sheepskin stretched over a hoop.

much drollery, the important strut and swagger of the military Kettle-drum. Behind, and on each side, were a number of boys' and girls, who, by their shrill clamour, made the discord, that prevailed among the musicians, somewhat less intolerable. Every face was bright with health and gaiety, and not a few were handsome.

They came to a halt, and formed a semi-circle across the road, as Anne and Hardress came in sight. The musicians struck up a jig, and one of the young men, dragging out of the crowd, with both hands, a bashful and unwilling country girl, began to time the music with a rapid movement of heel and toe, which had a rough grace of its own, and harmonized well with the vigorous and rough-hewn exterior of the peasant.

It is the custom at dances of this kind, for the gentleman to find a partner for his fair antagonist after he has finished his own jig,

and that partner, if he be a person of superior rank, is expected to show his sense of the honour done him, by dropping something handsome, as he is going, into the piper's hat. Neither is it in the power of a stranger to decline the happiness that is offered to him, for the people have a superstition, that such a churlishness (to say nothing of its utter want of politeness) is ominous of evil to the lady, betokening the loss of her lover at some future day. Hardress was compelled, though much against his will, to comply with the established usage, the bashful fair one, insisting with a great deal of good humour on her claim, and appealing to Miss Chute for her influence, with a supplicating tone and eye.

While he was dancing, Anne passed the May-day mummers (for so were the merry makers termed) and strolled on alone. On a sudden the music ceased, and she heard a clamour commence which had the sound of strife. Turning hastily

round, she beheld a strange hurry amongst the crowd, and Hardress in the midst, gripping one of the mummers by the throat, and then flinging him back with extreme violence against the dry-stone wall on the road-side. The man rose again, and looking after Hardress, tossed his hand above his head, and shook it in a menacing way.

Hardress hurried away from the group, many of whom remained gazing after him in astonishment, while others gathered around the injured man, and seemed to enquire the cause of this singular and unprovoked assault. The same inquiry was made by Anne, who was astonished at the appearance of terror, rage, and agitation, that were mingled in the demeanour of Hardress. He made some confused and unsatisfactory answer, talked of the fellow's insolence and his own warm temper, and hurried toward the castle by a shorter way than that which they had taken in leaving it.

The wedding feast was appointed for the evening of the following day, and it was determined that the ceremony should take place early on the morning after the entertainment. The articles had been already signed by Anne, with a pale cheek, and a trembling, though not reluctant, hand. These circumstances made it impossible for her to think of altering her intentions, nor did she, with consciousness, even admit the idea to fasten on her mind. Still, however, her anxiety became every hour more trying and oppressive, and when she retired to rest upon this evening, she could not avoid murmuring in the words of the plebeian elector of Coriolanus

“If ’t were to give again—but ’tis no matter.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MR. WARNER WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH
TO FIND A MAN THAT COULD AND WOULD
SPEAK ENGLISH.

ABOUT sunset on the evening of the following day, while Castle Chute and its vicinity were merry as wedding times could make them, Mr. Warner, the magistrate, was quietly enjoying a bowl of punch with a friend at his own table. That table was spread at the distance of about eight miles from the castle, and that friend was Captain Gibson. Another individual, Mr. Hou-lahan the clerk, was seated at a distant corner of the table, imbibing his portion of fluid in humble

silence, but as he was very seldom spoken to, and never ventured to mingle in the conversation himself, he could scarcely be considered as one of the company.

“Come, Captain,” said Mr. Warner, filling his glass, and passing the bowl to the gallant officer, “I will give you the bride.”

“I shall drink it with all my heart,” returned the Captain.—“The bride!” he added raising the glass to his lips, and honouring the toast with a draught of proportionable profundity.

“And, talking of the bride,” continued Mr. Warner, “though I rejoice at it on my own account, as it gives me the pleasure of your society; yet it puzzles me to know, Captain, why *you* are not at the wedding to-night?”

“For the best of all reasons,” returned Mr. Gibson, “because I was’nt asked.”

“You may be certain, then, that there was

some mistake in that, for the Chutes have always kept an open house."

"I am sure of it. Well, what do you say if I give you the bridegroom, in return for your bride?"

"I don't know. I had rather drink the lady."

"Oh, so should I, for that matter, but we have drunk her."

"There's something mystical in that haughty young man, that I cannot like. His conduct on many occasions, lately, has given me any thing but a favourable indication of his character. I have even sometimes been tempted to think—but no—no—" he added, suddenly interrupting himself. "I have no right to indulge in those surmises, which, after all, may be the suggestion of prejudice and rash judgment. Come, sir, I *will* drink the bridegroom; and allow me to add a sentiment. The bridegroom, and may he show himself worthy of his fortune!"

As he said these words, the parlour door was opened, and a servant appeared, to say that a stranger wished to speak with Mr. Warner on judicial business.

“Pooh,” said the magistrate, “some broken head, or sixpenny summons. Let him come to me to-morrow morning.”

“He says his business is very pressing, sir, an’ ’twill be more your own loss than his if you let him go.”

“What? is that the ground he goes on? Then I suppose we must hear him. Captain, I know all these examinations are amusing to you.—Shall I have him in here?”

“You could not do me a greater pleasure,” said the officer, “these people are the only actors on earth.”

The stranger was accordingly shown up. His story seemed to be almost told by his appearance; for one of his eyes was blackened and puffed out so as nearly to disguise the entire coun-

tenance. There was in his tread, and action, an appearance of gloomy determination, which had something in it impressive and even chilling. The magistrate perceived at a glance, that the affair was of a more serious nature than he had at first suspected.

“Well, my good man,” he said, in a gentle tone, “what is your business with me?”

“I’m not a good man,” said the stranger, “as my business with you will show. Arn’t you the crowner dat *sot* upon Eily O’Connor?”

“I am.”

“Did you find the murtherers yet?”

“They are not in custody, but we have strong information.”

“Well, if you have, may be you don’t want any more?” said the man contemptuously, and seeming about to depart.

“No, no, the more we obtain, the stronger our case will be, of course.”

"Then listen to me," said the stranger, "and I'll make it strong enough for you."

"This instant," returned Mr. Warner. "Mr. Houlahan, will you prepare your writing materials, and take down this examination in the regular form?"

"Do!" said the stranger, "Give me the book, and swear me, put every sentence in your book, for every word I have to say is goold to you, and to de counsellors. An' write down first dat Eily was surely murdered, an' dat I, Danny Mann, was de one dat done de deed."

"Mann!" exclaimed the magistrate, "what, our fugitive prisoner?"

"I was your prisoner, 'till I was set at liberty by one dat had a raison for doing it. I'm now come to deliver myself up, an to tell de whole truth, for I'm tired o' my life."

The magistrate paused for a moment, in strong amazement.

"I think it my duty," said he, "to warn you

on one point. If you have been a principal in the murder, your confession will not entitle you to mercy as an approver, while it will be used as evidence against yourself,—voluntarily tendered as it is, and without hope of favour held out to you.”

“I don’t want mercy,” returned the stranger, “if I did, it is’nt in courts I’d look for it. If I valued my life, it was in my own hands already, an’ ’tis n’t here you’d find me now. It was not the fear of death, nor the hope of pardon, that brought me hether, but because I was deceived and disappointed in one that I thought worse of than my own life, a hundherd times. Do you, see that mark?” he added, stepping out into the light, and raising one shoulder so as to bring the defect in his spine more strikingly into view. “All my days that was my curse. Did’nt they give me a nickname for it, an’ use’nt some laugh, and more start and shiver, when I’d come in sight of ’em? In place of being, as I ought to

be, fighting at the fair, drinking at the wake, an' dancing at the jig-house, there's the figure I cut all my days! If any body vexed me, an' I'd even sthrike him, he would't return the blow, for who'd take notice o' the little Lord? If I sat down by a girl, you'd think by her looks dat she wasn't sure of her life until she got away. An' who have I to thank for dat? Mr. Hardress Cregan. 'Twas he done that to me, an' I a little boy. But if he did, he showed such feeling after, he cried so bitter, an' he cared so much for me, that my heart warmed to him for my very loss itself. I never gave him as much as a cross word or look for what he done, nor never spoke of it until dis minute. I loved him from dat very time, twice more than ever, but what's de use o' talking? He's not the same man now. He met me yesterday upon de road, an' what did he do? He struck me first, but dat I'd bear aisy, he called me out o' my name, an' dat I did'nt mind, but I'll tell you what druv me wild. He

caught me by the throat, an' he flung me back again' de wall, just de same way as when he ga' me my hurt, and made me a cripple for life. From that moment a change come in me towards him. He doesn't feel for me, an' I wont feel for him. He had his revenge, an' I'll have mine. Write down," he added, wiping the damp from his brow, and trembling with passion, "Write down, Danny Mann, for de murderer of Eily, an' write down, Hardress Cregan, for his adviser."

Both the gentlemen started, and gazed on one another.

"Ye start!" cried the deformed, with a sneer, "an' ye look at one another as if ye thought it a wonder a gentleman should do the like,—but there's the difference. A gentleman will have a bloody longing, an' he'll hide it for fear of shame. Shame is de portion of de poor man, and he'll ease his longing when he can, for he has notten' to lose. A gentleman will

buy the blood of his innemy for goold, but he'll keep his own clane gloves and slender fingers out of it. A poor man does his own work, with his own hands, an' is satisfied to damn his own soul only. All the difference I see is this — that a gentleman besides his being a murderer—is a deçaver, an' a coward."

"If you really mean," said the magistrate, "to impeach Mr. Hardress Cregan with this crime, you do not strengthen your testimony by evincing so much vindictive feeling. His character stands high, and we know that the highest have often had their steps beset by serpents, who have no other motive for the sting they give, than private malice or revenge, such as you avow."

The wily taunt succeeded. The stranger turned on the magistrate a scowl of indescribable contempt.

"If I could not afford to avow it," he said,

“I had wit enough to hide it. I knew your laws, of old. It is’nt for nothing that we see the fathers of families, the pride and the sthrength of our villages, the young an’ the old, the guilty, and the innocent, snatched away from their own cabins, and shared off for transportation, an’ the gallows. It js’nt for nothing, our brothers, our cousins, an’ our friends are hanged before our doores from year to year. They teach us something of the law, we thank ’em. If I was trusting to my own confession I knew enough to say little of what brought me here. A counsellor would tell you, mister magistrate, that I’ll be believed the sooner in a coort, for daling as I done. But I have other witnesses. Eily O’Connor was Hardress Cregan’s wife. You start at that too. There’s the certificate of her marriage. I took it out of her bosom, after I ———”

He suddenly paused, placed both hands upon his eyes, and shuddered with so much

violence, that the floor trembled beneath him. The listeners maintained their attitude of deep and motionless attention.

“ Yes,” he at length continued, letting his hands descend, and showing a horrid smile upon his lip, “ the poor crature kep her hand in her bosom, and upon dat paper, to the last gasp, as if she thought it was to rob her of that I wanted. Little she mattered her life in the comparison. De priest dat married ’em died the moment after, a black sign for Eily, an’ a blacker sign, perphaps, for de wedding dey’re going to have to-morrow morning. Dat’s a good witness. Write down dat in your book : an’ den write down, Phil Naughten, an’ his wife for having Eily in their house, an’—but let ’em tell their own story. When you have dem wrote, put down Lowry Looby after, an’ den Myles Murphy, an’ after, Mihil O’Connor, de father ; and last of all, if you want a real witness, I’ll tell you how you’ll make it cer-

tain. Be de first yourself to lay a hand on Hardress, tell him you heerd of his doings, an look into his face while you are speaking, an' if dat does'nt tell de whole story, come back an' call me liar."

"It is clear!" said Mr. Warner starting from his seat. "Captain, I need make no excuse to you for stirring. Mr. Houlahan, remain and see this man confined. What, Horan! Bring the horses to the door this instant. Captain, you will, perhaps, accompany me, as the service may possibly be dangerous or difficult on such an occasion. We will first ride for a guard to your quarters, (though that will cost some time) and then proceed to arrest this gentle bridegroom. Horan, quick with the horses. I thought there was something in him not so orthodox. I am sorry for it. 'tis a shocking business, a mournful transaction."

"And will require, I think," said the Cap-

tain, "that we should proceed with great delicacy. So amiable a family, and such a shock——"

"With great delicacy, certainly," returned the Magistrate, "but likewise with a firmness becoming our trust. Mr. Houlahan, look closely to the prisoner. He left our vigilance at fault on another occasion. Come, Captain, here are the horses."

They rode rapidly away, and Mr. Houlahan slipping out of the room, locked the door on the outside and went to prepare some suitable dungeon for the prisoner upon the premises.

The unfortunate man remained for several minutes standing on the floor, his hands clasped and elevated before him, his ear inclined, as if in the act of listening, his jaw dropt, and his eye set in stolid, dreamy wonder. The window opened on a craggy field, and was fortified by several bars of iron. He did not

however even cast a glance at this formidable impediment. Every faculty of his spirit seemed for the moment to be either absorbed by one engrossing image, or to be suspended altogether by a kind of mental syncope.

While he remained thus motionless, and while the house was quiet and still around him, he suddenly heard a rough but not unmelodious voice singing the following verses outside the window :—

‘ But for that false and wicked knave,
 Who swore my life away,
I leave him to the judge of Heaven,
 And to the judgment day.

‘ For gold he made away my life,
 (What more could Herod do ?)
Nor to his country, nor his God,
 Nor to his friend, proved true.”

The verses seemed to be sung by one in the act of passing the window, and, with the last line, the singer had proceeded beyond hearing. The verses, though containing a common ballad sentiment, characteristic of the peculiar notions of honour and faith held among the secret societies of the peasantry, seemed as if directed immediately against the informer himself. At least his conscience so received it.

He might become one day the subject of such a ballad. He, too, had his sense of shame and of honour (as all men have), regulated by the feelings of the class in which he moved. It would tell nothing against him there that he had died by the hangman's hands. Every petty village had its Tell and its Riego, and they had made that death no more disgraceful in the peasant's eye. Their names were cherished amongst the noblest recollections of his heart, they were sung to his ancient melodies, and made familiar sounds in the ears of his chil-

dren. But to be branded as an informer!—that character, which, combining as it does, the vices of bad faith, venality, and meanness, is despised and detested by the Irish peasantry, beyond all social sins ; that was a prospect which he could not bear so well. And then he turned to Hardress, and thought of *his* feelings, of his old kindness and affection. He made excuses for his sudden passion, and he thought how those kindnesses would be dwelt upon in the ballad which was to immortalize the guilt and penitence of Hardress and his own treachery.

He started from his reverie, and gazed around him like a forest lion in a trap. He rushed to the door and gnashed his teeth to find it locked. He drew back to the other side of the room, and dashed himself against it with all his force. But it was a magistrate's door, and it resisted his efforts. He turned to the window, dashed out the frame, and shivered the glass with his foot, and seizing the iron railing

with both hands, swung himself from it, and exerted his utmost strength, in endeavouring to wrench it from its fastening, in the solid masonry. But he might as well have set his shoulder to displace the centre of gravity itself. Baffled, exhausted, and weeping with vexation and remorse, he hung back out of the railing, his face covered with a thick damp, and his limbs torn, and bleeding from the fragments of the broken glass.

We shall leave him to suffer under all the agonies of suspense, augmented by the double remorse under which he now began to labour, and turn our eyes in the direction of the Castle.

CHAPTER XLIII.

HOW THE BRIDE WAS STARTLED BY AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

INVITATIONS, numberless as the sybil's leaves, had been dispersed throughout the country, on the occasion of the wedding at Castle Chute. Among the rest, the Dalys were not forgotten, although certain circumstances in the history of both families, with which the reader is already acquainted, made it appear probable that they would be merely received as things of form. It was therefore with feelings of strong surprise, and of secret confusion (though arising

from very different causes,) the bridal pair understood that Kyrle Daly intended to be amongst the guests:

The popularity of the bride amongst the tenantry of the estate was manifested by the usual demonstrations of festive enjoyment. Bonfires were lighted on the road before the avenue gate, and before every public-house in the neighbourhood. The little village was illuminated, and bands of rural music followed by crowds of merry idlers strolled up and down, playing various lively airs, and often halting to partake of the refreshments which were free to all who chose to draw upon the hospitality of the family.

Before sunset, the house was crowded with blue coats, and snow-white silks. Several of the guests strayed in groups, upon the demesne, and several young gentlemen fashionably dressed might be seen hovering around the ladies, and endeavouring to make havoc of all, by enchant-

ing those who were near them by their conversation, and those at a distance by the elegance and grace of their gesticulation.

Mrs. Cregan was in the drawing-room, among the elder guests, pale, worn, and hollow-eyed, but still preserving the same lofty, courteous, and cordial demeanour to her friends, by which her manner had been always marked.

The bridegroom, habited in a splendid suit that seemed to sit upon his frame as the shirt of Deianira upon the shoulders of Hercules, glided like a spectre through the laughing crowd, the most envied, and the most miserable of all the throng.

A few of the most intimate female connexions of the bride were admitted into the garden where Anne herself, leaning on the arm of a bridesmaid, was watching the last sun that was to shine upon her freedom. Her dress was a simple robe of white, and her hair, for the last time dressed in the maiden fashion of the

day, hung loose upon her neck. As she glided to and fro, amongst the walks, her fair companion endeavoured by every species of raillery to draw her out of the low-spirited and anxious mood which had been hourly encreasing upon her since the morning. But as in a disease of the frame, an injurious determination to the part afflicted is said to be occasioned by merely directing the attention towards it, so in our moments of nervous depression, the jest that makes us feel it is observed, serves only to augment its heaviness.

At a turn in the walk, hedged round by a pear-tree, neatly trained, the lovely friends were suddenly met, and one of them startled, by the appearance of a young man, attired in the wedding costume, and handsome ; but with a pale serenity upon his features that might have qualified him to sit as a study for Camillus. The lady, who started at his appearance, was the bride ; for in this interesting person

she recognized her old admirer, Mr. Kyrle Daly.

It was the first time they had seen each other since the day on which their conversation had been attended with so much pain to both. It would have little served to confirm the newly acquired tranquillity of Kyrle Daly, if he had known how often, and with feelings how unconsciously altered, his conduct had been compared by Anne with that of Hardress during the last few months. True, this was a subject of meditation, on which she never wilfully suffered her mind to repose for an instant. It was a forbidden land, on which her wandering thoughts alone would steal at intervals, but these unlicensed musings had tended to qualify her old opinions in a degree more striking than she herself believed. Of all this Kyrle Daly, of course, knew or imagined nothing, and therefore was he here. He came, secure in the consciousness of a right inten-

tion and believing that his own appearance of quiet and cheerfulness of mind would afford a real satisfaction to his fair, and only poetically cruel, friend.

He advanced towards the ladies with an easy cordiality, and that total absence of consciousness in his own demeanour which was most certain to restore quietness to Anne; for self-possession is often as contagious as embarrassment. He addressed her in the tone of an interested friend, enquired for her health, spoke of her mother, even of Hardress, whom he said he had not yet been fortunate enough to meet; then of the weather, of the scene around them, of the company, of every subject that was at the same time amusing and indifferent. The same attentions, and with a tone so studiously similiar that the ear of Petrarch only might have found a difference, he addressed to Miss Prendergast, the bridesmaid, who also was an old acquaintance. Finally,

he gently contrived to separate the ladies, and giving an arm to each, they continued to thrid the garden walks, while he divided between them the same cheerful conversation on indifferent subjects. His spirits flowing freely, and supported by those of the lively bridesmaid, became too much for Anne's depression, and she became cheerful almost without perceiving it.

After some time, Miss Prendergast, beckoned by a fair friend in a neighbouring walk, deserted her companions for some moments. Both stopt upon the walk to await her return, and Kyrle, perceiving the embarrassment of the bride beginning to return, took this opportunity of entering on something like an explanatory conversation.

"You see, Miss Chute," he said, with a smile, "you were a better prophetess than I believed you. If you were one that could be vain of your influence, I should not do wisely

perhaps in making such an admission, but you are not. I have not, as you perceive, found it so difficult a task to master my old remembrances."

The eye of Anne fell unconsciously upon the worn cheek and fingers of the speaker. He saw the secret suspicion which the glance implied, and he reddened slightly, but he saw likewise that it was involuntary, and he did not seem to have observed it.

"There are some feelings," he continued, "though looked upon as harmless, and even amiable in themselves, which ought to be avoided, and repelled with as much vigilance as vice itself. I once thought it a harmless thing to turn my eyes on past times, and deliver myself up, on a calm evening, to the memory of my younger hours, of sunny days departed, of faces fled or changed, of hearts made cold by death or by the world, that once beat fervently beside our own ;—to lean against some

aged tree in the twilight, and close my eyes and ears to the lonely murmur of the woods around me, and fancy I heard the whoop of my boyish friends, or the laugh of my first love along the meadows. But I have learned to think more vigorously. I was young then, and fond, but age has taught me wisdom, at least in this respect. I shun these feelings now, as I would crime. They are the fancies that make our natures effeminate and weak ; that unfit us for our duty to heaven, and to our fellow creatures, and render us in soul what the sensualist is in frame. I have meditated long enough to know that even my feelings towards yourself, at one time, (exalted as they were by the excellence of the object) were still unworthy, and deserved to be disappointed. I think, and I fear not to let you know, that if I were again to become a suitor, my sentiments should be governed by a higher feeling of duty, and I could bear the trial of a sudden

repression with greater firmness, and a more submissive spirit."

"You will give me credit, then," said Anne, with much relief, and real pleasure, "for some knowledge of your character."

"No—no!—it was not in me, then," said Kyrle, with a smile, "or the occasion would have brought it into action. Hardress could tell you what a mournful evening———but wherefore should he trouble you?" he added, suddenly interrupting himself. "And, apropos, of Hardress—his health appears to suffer, does it not?"

"Daily and hourly."

"And without a cause?"

"The physicians," said Anne, "can find none."

"Aye," returned Kyrle, "it is a distemper that is not to be found in their nosology. It is the burning of an honourable mind beneath an undeserved and self-inflicted imputation.

He knew of my—my—regard for his fair cousin. I forced a confidence upon him, and he feels this transaction a great deal more acutely than he ought.”

Anne started at this disclosure, as if it shed a sudden light upon her mind. Her eyes sparkled, her face glowed, and her whole frame seemed agitated by a solution of her doubts, which appeared so natural, and which at once elevated the character of **Hardress** to that noble standard at which she always loved to contemplate and admire it.

“It must be so!” she said, with great animation, “and I have done him wrong. It is like his fine and delicate nature. He is still, then, what I have always thought him, fine-minded, sensitive, and generous as——” she suddenly turned, and extending her hand to **Kyrle**, said in an altered tone——“as yourself, my excellent friend!”

Kyrle took the hand which was tendered to him,

with as little appearance of emotion as he could command, and resigned it again almost upon the instant.

At this moment Hardress appeared upon the walk. His step was troubled and rapid, his eye suspicious and wandering, his hair neglected, and his whole appearance that of a person at fearful odds with his own thought. He stopped short, as he approached them, and glanced from one to another with a look of wildness and irresolution.

“I have been looking for you, Anne,” he said in a weak voice, “Mrs. Chute has been wishing to speak with you about your preparations.”

“Do you leave Ireland then so soon?” asked Kyrle, with some interest.

“To-morrow morning we leave home,” replied Anne, trembling, and slightly confused.

“Then,” said Kyrle, resuming the hand which he had so hastily resigned, “permit me

to offer my good wishes. Be assured, Anne," he added, accompanying her to a little distance along the walk, and using a tone which Har-dress could not overhear, "be assured that I am perfectly, perfectly contented with your happiness. Let me entreat you to forget altogether, as I myself will learn to do henceforward, that I have ever proposed to myself any higher or happier destiny. That scheme has fallen asunder, and left no deeper an impression on my reason, than a love dream might upon my heart. I desire only to be remembered as one, who imagined himself the warmest of your admirers, but who found out, on a little examination, that he was only your friend."

Anne remained silent for a moment, deeply penetrated by the anxiety for her peace of mind which Kyrle evinced in all his conduct and his conversation.

"Mr. Daly," she replied at length, and with some agitation, "it is impossible for me now

to say all that I feel with respect to your consideration of me on every occasion. I am proud of the friendship that you offer me, and if we meet again, I hope you will find me worthy of it."

She hurried away, and Kyrle, returning on his steps, resumed his place before the bridegroom. The picture which was formed by the two figures might have challenged the united efforts of a Raffaello and an Angiolo to do it justice. Kyrle Daly, standing erect, with arms folded, his face pale, and bright with the serenity of triumphant virtue; his mouth touched by a smile of forgiveness and of sympathy, and his eye clear, open and seraphic in its character, presented a subject that might have pleased the eye of the pupil of Perugino. Hardress, on the other side, with one hand thrust into his bosom, his shoulders gathered and raised, his brow knitted, rather in shame and pain, than in sternness or anger, his eyes not daring to look higher than the

breast of Kyrle, and his face of the colour of burnt Sienna, would have furnished a hint for the sterner genius of Buonarrotti.

“Hardress,” said Kyrle, with an air of sudden frankness, “confess the truth, that you did not expect me here to-day.”

Hardress looked up surprised, but made no answer.

“I am come,” continued Kyrle, “to do justice to you and to myself. That I have something to complain of, you will not deny,—that I have not so much as I imagined, I am compelled to admit. My resentment, Hardress, has been excessive and unjustifiable, and with that admission, I toss it to the winds for ever.”

The surprise of Hardress seemed now so great as to master even his remorse and his anxiety. He looked with increasing wonder into the eyes of Daly.

“Knowing as I did,” continued the latter, “what passion was, I should have made more

charitable allowances for its influence on another ; but all charity forsook me at that moment, and I thought it reasonable that my friend should be a cold philosopher 'where I was a wild enthusiast. I have not even to reproach you with your want of confidence, for it now appears from my unreasonable expectations, that I could not have deserved it. We are both perhaps to blame. Let that be a point agreed, and let all our explanations resolve themselves into these two words—forgive, forget.”

Saying this, he gave his hand to Hardress, who received it with a stare of absent wonder and confusion. Some indistinct and unintelligible murmurs arose to his lips, and died in the act of utterance.

“ I know not,” continued Kyrle, “ and I shudder to think how far I might have suffered this odious sentiment to grow upon me, if it were not for an occasion of melancholy importance to us all, which arrested

the feeling in its very bound. I have even sometimes thought, that my unaccomplished sin might possibly have been the cause of that——” here he shuddered, and stopped speaking for some moments.

Before he could resume, the sound of the dinner bell broke short the conference. Kyrle, glad of the relief, hastened to the house, while Hardress remained as if rooted to the spot, and gazing after him in silence. When he had dissappeared, the bridegroom raised his eyes to the heavens, where, already, a few stars twinkled in the dying twilight; and said within his own mind:—

“In that world which lies beyond those points of light, is it possible that this man and I should ever fill a place in the same region?”

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW MORE GUESTS APPEARED AT THE
WEDDING THAN HAD BEEN INVITED.

LIGHT, laughter, mirth and music,—peppery fare, and pleasant hearts to share it, were mingled in the dining-room on this occasion. Mrs. Chute presided; the ‘old familiar faces’ of Mr. Cregan, Mr. Creagh, Mr. Connolly, Doctor Leake, and many others, were scattered among the guests, and every eye seemed lighted up, to contribute its portion of gaiety to the domestic jubilee. A cloud of vapour, thin and transparent as a Peri’s sighs, arose from the dishes which

adorned the table, and was dissipated in the air above. The heavy moreen window curtains were let down, the servants flew from place to place like magic, the candles shed a warm and comfortable lustre upon the board, and the clatter of plates, the jingling of glasses and decanters, the discomfiture of provision, and the subdued vigour with which all this was accomplished, considering the respectability of the guests, was really astonishing. Without any appearance of the havoc and carnage, which is displayed on such occasions in humbler life, it is a question whether there were not actually more execution done, in a quiet determined way. It furnished a new instance of the superior advantages of discipline.

Towards the close of the feast, the manliness of Kyrle Daly was put to a cruel test, by one of those unfeeling jests, which are the sport of fools in every country. The reader may smile at the circumstance as trifling, but

it was not so in its effect upon the heart of the forlorn lover. A young lady, who was considered a wit among her country friends, and feared accordingly, put a willow leaf upon a slice of cream cheese, and handed it to Kyrle Daly with an unconscious face. Some months before, a jest of this kind would have put his temper to its severest trial, and even now, he felt as if he had been stung by a serpent. He did not, however, betray the least emotion, but took his revenge, by going near the lady as soon as circumstances permitted, and making mock-love to her during the night.

The spirit of the scene produced its effect upon the mind of Hardress himself, who, yielding to its influence, adopted a degree of gaiety, that surprized and delighted all who were interested in his fortunes. It is true, that from time to time, a fear struck at his heart like the shock of an alarm, and the glassy eyes of a corpse seemed at intervals to stare at him from

among the crowd. But he turned his eyes and his thoughts away to happier objects, and, as if in defiance of the ghastly interruption, became more gay and mirthful than before.

Mrs. Cregan did not smile to see her son so far forget his misery. A feeling of nervous apprehension had lain upon her spirits throughout the day, and became more oppressive and insupportable according as the time approached of Hardress's departure. The more certain his escape became, the more did her anxiety encrease, lest it should, by some unlucky circumstance, be yet prevented.

While Hardress, in the full fling and zest of his false spirits, was in the act of taking wine with a fair friend, he felt a rustling, as of some person passing by his chair, and a low voice whispered close to his ear, "Arise, and fly for your life."

The wine-glass fell, untasted, from his hand, and he remained a pale and motionless image

of terror. There was some laughing among the company, who perceived the accident; and many ingenious omens were deduced, not very favourable to the prospects of the lady. But the agitation of the bridegroom was attributed to mere embarrassment.

The cloth, soon after, was removed; some songs were sung, and the ladies rose to depart. Hardress, with the mysterious warning still ringing in his ear, was about to follow in their train, when a rough grasp was laid upon his arm, the door was shut with violence, and he beheld Hepton Connolly standing with his finger raised in an attitude of menace and reproach. Hardress felt his heart sink at the thought that this interruption might cost him his life.

“Let me go, my dear Connolly,” he said, in an anxious voice. “It is of the last importance to me.”

“The last importance!” repeated Connolly,

with a suspicious smile. "I'd consider it a disgrace to me, my dear Hardress, if you were to go to bed sober after being in my company to-night, the last that you are to spend in the country. Come, come, Hardress, don't look fierce, you will have Miss Clute long enough, but here are a pleasant set of fellows whom, perhaps, you may never see round the same table on earth again."

"But, Connolly!"

"But, Hardress!"

"What's the matter there?" cried a rough voice from the head of the table. "Any body sneaking! Bring him up here by the collar. If any man leaves this room sober to-night, I shall make it personal with him."

The speaker, (who was no other than the culprit's father) added an oath, and the room rang with acclamations. Hardress, faint with fear and anxiety, was compelled to return to the table, and the bowl was shortly circulated with

that enthusiasm which was considered appropriate to the occasion. The wine which he drank, and the conversation in which he was compelled to mingle, gradually stole him back into his revel mood, and in a little time he became more loud and seeming mirthful than ever. The voice, which he had heard, might be ideal as the visions he had seen. He thought no more of it.

He became engaged in a violent dispute with Creagh, as to whether the cascades of Killarney were the better or worse for being without basins. Hardress contended that the want was a defect, inasmuch as it left the beholder without that delightful sensation which he might gather from the contrast of those two most perfect images of tumult and repose, a roaring cataract, with its clouds of foam and mist, and a smooth expanse of water with its glancing and streaky light, and its lulling motion, like the heaving of a sleeping infant's bosom. Creagh on the other hand, held (and

he defended the idea the more stoutly as he happened to hit on it by accident,) that the very mystery attending the disappearance of the stream, when the spectator saw it hurry downward, by his feet, still foaming and roaring on, until it was hidden from his view by the closing thicket below, gave a greater idea to the mind than could be produced by the contrast which Hardress admired.

The latter had his hand raised with a *cascade* of eloquence just bursting from his lip, when a warm breath came to his ear, and the same low voice murmured in a tone still lower than before : — “ Arise, I tell you ! the army is abroad, and your life in danger.”

It could not now be an illusion, for the tresses of the speaker had touched his cheek, and the dress had brushed his feet. He dashed his chair aside, and standing suddenly erect, looked round him for the warner. A female dress just glanced on his eye as he stared on the open

door which led to the hall. He followed it with so much rapidity no one could find time to interfere ; but the hall was empty of living figures. He only saw the cloaks, and hats of the visitors, hanging against the wall, while the dusky flame of a globe lamp threw a gloomy and dispiriting light upon the walls and ceiling. On one side, the floor was shaken by the dancers, and the ear stunned with the music of bagpipe, violin, and dulcimer. On the other he heard the bacchanalian uproar of the party he had left. At a distance, in the kitchen, he could distinguish the sound of one solitary bagpipe, playing some air of a more rapid and vulgar character ; while the voice of a villager, penetrating in triumph through a two foot wall of stone and mortar, was heard singing some wild and broken melody, which was meant for mirth, but in which a stranger ear might have detected a greater depth of pathos and of feeling than the composer probably intended. Snatch-

ing his hat and coat, and trembling in every joint, Hardress was about to hurry down a narrow staircase leading to the yard door, when his mother with a bridesmaid met him on the way.

“Come this way, Hardress,” said she. “I have a partner engaged for you.”

“Mother,” said Hardress, with the horrid sense of oppression which one feels in a dream of danger and vain resistance, “Take your hand from my arm and let me pass.”

Mrs. Cregan imagined that as, in compliance with an established superstition, patronized by some of the old people, the bridegroom was not to sleep in the house on the night before the bridal, Hardress was thus early preparing to comply with the old custom.

“You must not go so soon,” returned, Mrs. Cregan. “Come, Miss Prendergast, make that arm prisoner and lead him to the ball-room.”

Hardress, with a beating pulse, resigned himself to his fate, and accompanied the ladies to the dancing-room. Here he remained for some time endeavouring, but with a faint spirit, to meet and answer the gaiety of his companions. After dancing a minuet with a good deal of silent approbation, he led his fair partner to her seat, and taking a chair at her side began to entertain her, as well as he could, while other dancers occupied the floor. His chair was placed a few yards distant from an open door at which a crowd of the servants and tenants appeared thrusting in their heads, and staring on the dancers for the purposes of admiration, and of satire, as the occasion might arise.

One of these, a handsome country lad, had encroached so far as to get within a foot or two of Hardress's chair, and to be recognized by him with some appearance of kindness.

“ Master Hardress,” he said stooping to his ear, “ did Syl Carney tell you any thing ? ”

“ No ! ” said Hardress, turning suddenly round, and neglecting to finish some observation which he was in the act of making to his fair companion.

“ Why then, never welcome her ! ” said the lad. “ I told her to slip in a word to you, some way, to let you know that Danny Mann has given information, and the army are out this night.”

Hardress trembled, as if the grasp of the hangman had been laid upon him.

“ What a shocking dance that horn-pipe is ! ” exclaimed the lady. “ I am always reminded when I see it of the dampers of a piano.”

“ Precisely, indeed,” said Hardress, with a smile like death, “ very ridiculous indeed. Tell me how you know of this,” he

said apart to the boy, "speak low, and quickly."

"From a little hunch-back in bridewell at magistrate Warner's,"—returned the lad, "He bid me—but the lady is talking to you."

"I beg your pardon," said Hardress, turning quickly round.

"It was not I," said the fair dancer, "It was Mrs. Cregan called you."

He looked at his mother, and saw her holding towards him a small basket of confectionary and oranges, while she glanced towards the ladies. Hardress rose to perform this piece of gallantry, with a sensation of gloomy resignation, and with a feeling of bitterness towards his unhappy parent, as if she ought to have known that she was knotting the cord upon his life.

When it was done, he hurried back to his seat, but the servants were all gone, and

the door was closed. He stole from the apartment to the hall, once more resumed his hat, and ascending the small flight of steps leading to the chamber so often mentioded, he was once more upon the point of freedom.

But the grasp of an avenging Providence was laid upon his life. In the middle of this chamber he encountered the bride, alone.

“Hardress,” said she, “are you leaving us for the night?”

“I am,” he murmured, in a faint voice, and passed on.

“Stay, Hardress!” said Anne, laying her hand upon his arm. “I have something to say, which I am anxious you should know immediately.”

This last interruption completed the confusion of the bridegroom. A sudden faintness fell on his whole frame, his brain grew dizzy,

his senses swam, and he reeled like one intoxicated into a vacant chair.

“ Well, Anne,” said he, “ any thing—every thing—my life itself, if you think it worth your while to require it.”

“ I owe it to my own peace, and even to your’s Hardress,” said Anne, “ to tell you that I have discovered all.”

“ Discovered all ! ” echoed Hardress, springing to his feet.

“ Yes—all. A generous friend, generous to you, and me, alike, has given the whole history of your cause of suffering, and left me nothing to regret, but that Hardress should not have thought it worth his while to make Anne a partuer in his confidence. But that I have forgotten likewise, and have only now to say, that I regret my own conduct as much as I once was grieved for yours. I must have added to the pain which——Hark ! ”

“What do you hear?” cried Hardress, crouching fearfully.

“There is a tumult in the drawing room. Good heaven defend our hearts! What is that noise?”

The door of the room was thrown open, and a female figure appeared, with hair disordered, and hands outspread with an action of warning and avoidance.

“Hardress, my child!”

“Well, mother?”

“Hardress, my child!”

“Mother, I am here! Look on me!—Speak to me! Don’t gasp, and stare on your son in that horrid way! Oh, mother, speak, or you will break my heart!”

“Fly—fly—my child——Not that way! No! The doors are all defended. There is a soldier set on every entrance. You are trapt and caught. What shall we do? The window! Come this way—come—quick—quick!”

She drew him passively after her into her own sleeping chamber, which lay immediately adjoining. Before Anne had made one movement, from the attitude of sudden fear and wonder to which this strange occurrence had given rise, Mrs. Cregan again appeared in the chamber, showing in her look and action the same hurried and disordered energy of mind.

“Go to your room!” she said, addressing the bride. “Go quickly to your room, stop not to question me——”

“Dear Aunt!———”

“Away, I say! you will drive me frantic, girl! My reason is already stretched to its full tension, and a single touch may rend it. Go, my dear child, my love! my wretched——
Ha!”

“Anne Chute! Where’s Anne?” exclaimed an anxious voice, at the door way.
“Where is the bride?”

“ Here, here ! ” said Mrs. Cregan.

Kyrle Daly rushed into the room, his face paler than ever, and his eye filled with an anxious enquiry.

“ Come this way, Anne ! ” he said, taking her hand, while his own were trembling with anxiety, “ Unhappy bride ! Oh, horrid—fearful night ! Come—come ! ”

“ I will not stir ! ” exclaimed the bride with vehemence, “ What mean those words and actions ? There is some danger threatens Hardress——Tell me, if there is—”

“ Take her away, good Kyrle.”

“ He shall not take me hence. Why should he ? Why does he call me an unhappy bride ? Why does he say this night is horrid and fearful ? I will not stir—”

“ They are coming !—force her hence, good Kyrle,” muttered the expectant mother.

Struggling in his arms, and opposing prayers, threats and entreaties to the gentle violence which he employed, Kyrle Daly bore the

affrighted bride away from the apartment. He remained by her side during the whole evening, often soothing her anxiety by his ready eloquence, and watching every movement of her mind and feelings, with the tender vigilance of a near and devoted relative.

Mrs. Cregan, meanwhile, remained alone in the room, her ear bent to catch the first sounds of approaching danger, and her frame made rigid with the intensity of feeling. Her hands were employed, while in this attitude, in arranging her hair, and removing as far as possible every appearance of disorder from her dress. At length, the clatter of muskets, and the tramp of many feet, was heard in the little hall. A momentary convulsion shook her frame. It passed away, and she rose to her usual height and her customary stateliness of eye and gesture.

At the same moment, the door opened, and Mr. Warner, accompanied by Captain Gibson and the military party, appeared upon the little

stair-case. The first mentioned seemed surprized, and somewhat embarrassed, at the sight of Mrs. Cregan. He murmured something of his regret at being compelled to do what must be so painful to her, and was proceeding to recommend that she should retire, when she cut short the speech.

“Talk not to me, sir,” she said, “of your regret or your reluctance. You have already done your worst to fix a stigma on our name, and a torture in our memories. For months, for weeks, and days, my son spoke with you, laughed with you, and walked freely and openly among you, and then you laid no hand upon his shoulder. You waited for his wedding day, to raise your lying cry of murder; you waited to see how many hearts you might crush together at a blow. You have done the worst of evil in your power; you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which

should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame."

"My duty," murmured the magistrate, "obliged me to sacrifice—"

"Complete your duty, then," said the mother haughtily, "and do not speak of your personal regrets. If justice and my son are foes, what place do *you* fill between them? You mistake your calling, Mr. Magistrate, you have no personal feelings in this transaction. You are a servant of the law, and, as a servant, act."

Mr. Warner bowed, and directed the soldiers to follow him into the inner room. At this order, Mrs. Cregan turned her face over her shoulder, with a ghastly smile.

"That," she said, in a tone of calm reproach, "that is my sleeping-chamber."

"My duty, madam."

"Be it so," said Mrs. Cregan, in a low voice, and turning away her face with the same

painful smile, while her heart crept and trembled.

The party entered the room.

“I hope,” said Captain Gibson, who really began to think that Mrs. Cregan had a great deal of reason : “I hope Mrs. Cregan will not blame me for my part in this transaction.”

“I do not blame you,” said the mother, with a scornful smile, “it is your trade.”

At this portentous moment, Mr. Cregan, Mr. Connolly, and two or three other gentlemen, came reeling into the apartment, excessively intoxicated, and retaining consciousness enough to feel a sense of injury, not fully understood, and a vague purpose of resistance.

“Dora,” said Mr. Cregan, staggering towards her, and endeavouring to look sober, “What are you doing here? What’s the matter?”

Mrs. Cregan, her whole soul absorbed by

the proceedings in the inner room, did not even appear to be conscious of his presence.

“Very—very extraordinary conduct,” he said, turning an unsteady eye upon the Captain. “Soldiers, officers, eh, Connolly?”

“Very, very extraordinary conduct,” echoed Connolly.

“Do they take the house for a barrack?” continued Cregan, “Captain, withdraw your soldiers.”

Captain Gibson, already annoyed by the taunt of Mrs. Cregan, returned this demand by a stern look.

“Stand by me, Connolly. Your swords gentlemen!” cried Cregan, as he drew his own.

The others imitated his example. Captain Gibson, without condescending to unsheath his own weapon, turned to his men, and beckoning with his finger, said:

“Disarm those drunken gentlemen.”

His orders were obeyed upon the instant,

a few slight scratches being all that was sustained by the soldiers in the drunken scuffle that ensued. The gentlemen were placed with their hands tied on chairs at the other side of the room, and the bundle of rapiers was laid upon the window seat.

"Very well, sir—very well," said Mr. Cregan. "I shall remember this, and so shall my friends. I am a gentleman, sir, and shall look for the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Expect the same from me," said Connolly, swinging his person round upon the chair.

"And me," said a third.

"And me," echoed a fourth.

"I little expected to meet with such a return as this for our hospitality," continued Mr. Cregan.

"For shame! for shame, Cregan," said the unhappy mother, "do not degrade yourself and your friends by such remonstrances. The hand of an enemy is raised against us, and let

not the unworthy being think that he can sink us as low in mind as in our fortunes."

Captain Gibson, who took no notice of the gentlemen, again seemed hurt to the quick, perhaps not wisely, by this allusion from the lady.

"Mrs. Cregan," he said, "it is one of the most painful duties of a gentleman in my situation, that he must sometimes be subjected to such insinuations as those; and it is only the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed that would prevent my forming a very harsh judgment of any lady who could use them."

"Sir!" said Mrs. Cregan, lowering her head with a smile of the most bitter irony, "your consideration and your forbearance are extraordinary. All the events of this night bear witness to it.—It must have surely been with much violence to that fine gentlemanly spirit that you chose a moment like this for

your investigation. But I see you are impatient, sir, and I will desist, for you are a soldier, and I am but a female, ~~and~~ it is easy to see who would have the best of the argument."

"Madam!——"

"Our friends dispersed, our mirth so quickly changed to terror, this scene of confusion at our domestic festivity, every thing, sir, bears testimony to your forbearance. That sensitive and gentlemanly nature that is so tender of insinuations appears in all the actions of this night. My husband tied, there, like a malefactor, and my poor son———Ah! shield and hide us, earth!—I hear his voice!"

A bustle was heard in the inner room and the wretched lady, throwing her arms high above her head, uttered a shriek so loud, so shrill and piercing, that the stoutest soldier started like a maiden, and the flush of anger upon the officer's cheek was changed to a

death-like paleness. Half sobered by the fearful sound, the intoxicated father rose from his chair, and turned a dull eye upon the room door, while every figure on the scene expressed in various degrees the same feeling of commiseration and anxiety.

“The prisoner is here!” cried Warner, hurrying into the room.

“Is he?” shrieked the distracted, and almost delirious mother. “Dark blood hound, have ye found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket!”

“Peace, shocking woman,” said the magistrate, “your curses only add to the offence that heaven has already suffered.”

“What!” cried the unhappy parent, “shall it be for nothing then, that you have stung the mother’s heart, and set the mother’s brain on fire? I tell you, no! My tongue may hold its

peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses you ! My child ! My child ! ” she screamed aloud, on seeing Hardress at the door. She rushed, as if with the intent of flinging herself upon his neck, but, checking the impulse as she came near, she clasped her hands, and sinking at his feet, exclaimed, “ My child, forgive me ! ”

“ Forgive you, mother ? ” replied her son, in a wretched voice, “ I have destroyed you all ! ”

“ The crime was mine,” exclaimed the miserable parent : “ I was the author of your first temptation, the stumbling-block between you and repentance. You will think bitterly of me, Hardress, when you are alone.”

“ Never ! ” said Hardress, raising her to his arms. “ Still honoured, always well-meaning and affectionate, I will never think of you but as a mother. My eyes are opened now. For the first time in many weary months, the first thought of peace is in my heart ; and but for you, and those whom I have made wretched

with you, I would call that thought a thought of joy. Grieve no more, mother, for my sake. Grieve not, because it is in vain. The bolt is sped, the victim has been struck, and earth has not a remedy. Grieve not, because I would not have it otherwise. A victim was due to justice, and she shall no longer be defrauded. I had rather reckon with her here, than in a future world."

"I cannot part with you," murmured his mother, while her head rested on his shoulder, "do not put away my hands awhile.—It is tearing my very heart up!"

"Dear mother, let me go," said Hardress, gently disengaging himself, "we shall meet again, I hope. In the mean time, hear my farewell request, as you have heard all that I have ever made.—Waste not your days in idle retrospection, but pray for me with fervour.—Be kind to those whom I have loved, and remember that my death, at least, was happier than my life."

“I threatened you with poverty!” muttered Mrs. Cregan, while her memory glanced wildly through the past.

“Dear mother!——”

“I bade you leave my house, or do my pleasure——”

“Why will you vex my soul at such a moment?”

“I have tied the cord upon your throat! I slighted your scruples. Your own dread words come back upon me now. Those words which I heard with so little emotion at Dinis, and in this hall, before, now ring like the peal of dead bells in my ear. I have been your fellest foe. You drank in pride with my milk, and passion under my indulgence. I have destroyed you for this world, and——”

“My dear, dear mother!” cried Hardress, clasping her to his breast, and bursting into tears of shame and penitence, “forget, I implore you, those impious and reproachful words. They

were the ravings of my madness, and should not be regarded. Hear me, now, in the full and calm possession of my judgment, and let those words only be remembered. Do you hear me, my dear mother?"

"I do—I am listening to you, speak, my child, I will remember well."

Hardress stooped to her ear, and murmured in a low voice. "In a secret drawer of my cabinet, you will find a paper unsealed. Give it to———" he paused, and bowed down a moment in deep agitation—"to Anne Chute. I am glad she bears that name—glad of her fortune in escaping me. Let her read that paper. I have penned it with the view of rendering justice to a confiding friend, whose confidence I have betrayed. Oh, memory! memory! but I must look forward now, not back. Ah, mother, if I had really known how to value your affectionate counsels in my child-

hood—if I had only humbled my heart to a belief in its own weakness, and a ready obedience to your will in my younger days, I should not die in my youth a shameful death, and leave you childless in your age.”

“Aye,” said Mrs. Cregan, “or if I had done the duty of a mother. If I had thought less of your worldly, and more of your eternal happiness. My brain is scorched !”

“My dear, fond parent, will you add to my agony ?”

“You will hate me in your prison.”

“Never !—”

“I know what you will say, when they are dragging you to the scaffold. It is my mother, you will say, that has bound these cords upon my limbs ! The people will stare on you, and you will hang your head, and say that I was the author of your shame. And in the moment of your death—”

“I will pray for you !” said Hardress, press-

ing her to him, and kissing her forehead, “as you will do for me.” While he spoke he felt the arms that encircled his neck grow rigid, and the face that looked up to his was overspread with a damp and leaden paleness.

“Farewell, dear mother, for the present,” he continued, “and remember—Oh, she is growing cold and weak,—remove her, remove her quickly, gentlemen!”

She was borne out, in a half fainting condition, and Hardress, surrendering himself to the hands of the soldiers, prepared to depart. Turning round once more before he left the room, he said aloud :

“Hear me, and testify against me, if it shall please you. Lest my returning feebleness, or the base love of life, should tempt me once again to shun my destiny, I am willing here to multiply my witnesses. I am guilty of the crime with which you charge me,—guilty, not in act, nor

guilty even in word, nor positive, implied assent, but guilty yet, beyond even the wish for pardon. I am glad this hideous dream at length is ended, —glad that I have been forced to render up her right to Justice, even against my will, for I was sick of my anxieties.”

He ceased: and the party proceeded down the narrow staircase leading to the hall door, Hardress being placed in the centre. In a few minutes, the lighted chambers of the castle, its affrighted revellers, its silenced musicians, the delirious mother, the drunken father and his band of brawlers, the bewildered bride, and all the scattered pomp of the espousal, were lost for ever to the eye of the unhappy Hardress.

Some apprehension was entertained, lest any injudicious person amongst the peasantry should occasion the useless loss of lives, by attempting a rescue, before the party left the neighbourhood; but no symptoms of such an intention were manifested by the people. The whole transaction

had been conducted with so much rapidity, that the circumstance of the bridegroom's capture was not generally known, even in the castle, for some time after his departure.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE STORY ENDED.

It only remains for us to inform the reader, in general terms, of the subsequent fortunes of the various actors in this domestic drama. Such is the fate of the historian ; regarded only as the chronicler of events or feelings in which he has no share, his claim to attention rests only upon these. While they continue to awaken interest, he may toy and dally as he pleases — he may

deck his style with flowers, indulge his fancy in description, and even please his vanity with metaphysical speculation. But when the real matter of the tale is out — farewell his hobbies ! Stern and brief must thenceforth be the order of his speech, and listlessness or apathy become the guerdon of his wanderings. He is mortified to find that what he mistook for interest was only patience, and that the attention which he imagined to be bestowed upon himself was only lavished on the automata which his fingers exercised.

Stern and brief, then, be the order of our speech henceforward. Unhappily, a portion of our incident will fit that manner well.

The remorse of Hardress led him even to exaggerate his own share in the transaction on which the foregoing measures were founded. Nevertheless, when all the circumstances of the

case, had been fully considered, the mercy of the executive power was extended to his life, and a perpetual exile from his native land was the only forfeit which he paid to the outraged law. But before this alteration in his destiny had been announced to him, Hardress had learned to receive it with great indifference. With the austerity of an ancient penitent, he persisted in refusing to hold personal communication with any of his friends, his mother only excepted, and even she was cheated, (by a necessary device, for her health could not have sustained it,) of the last parting interview.

The mitigation of punishment, which was intended to save his life, had only the effect of sparing him the ignominy of such a fate. An occurrence which took place on the day of his departure completed the ruin which ill-health had long been making in his constitution.

The convict ship which was to bear him from his home, had cleared out of port, and lay at anchor in that part of the river which from its basin like appearance has received the appropriate denomination of the Pool. In the grey of a summer morning, the prisoners, Hardress amongst the number, left the gaol in the King's Island where they had been confined, for the purpose of occupying their places on board. Arrived at the river side, the party halted with their guard, while a small boat was let down from the vessel's stern, and manned for the shore. It touched the strand, and received its lading of exiles. It could not hold the entire party, and Hardress, who felt a sudden and (to him) unaccountable reluctance to leave his native soil, while it was possible for him yet to feel its turf beneath his feet, petitioned to be left until the return of the pinnace.

He looked to the misty hills of Cratloe, to the yet silent and inactive city, and over the

face of the gently agitated waters. The fresh, cool light of the morning only partially revealed the scene, but the veil that rested on the face of nature became more attenuated at every instant, and the aërial perspective acquired by rapid, yet imperceptible, degrees a greater scope and clearness. Groups of bathers appeared at various distances on both sides of the river, some plunging in headlong from the lofty quays, some playing various antics in the water, and some floating quietly on the surface of the tide in the centre of the stream, while others half dressed and shivering at the brink of the sloping strands, put in a hand or foot, to ascertain the temperature of the refreshing element, before they ventured to fling off their remaining habiliments and share in the salutary recreation.

In other respects the scene was nearly the same in appearance as it has been described in the third chapter of our first volume. Na-

ture, always the same calm and provident benefactress, had preserved her mighty heart unchanged throughout the interval, and the same joyous serenity was still visible upon her countenance. The passions of men may convulse the frame of society, the duration of human prosperity may be uncertain as that of human woe, and centuries of ignorance, of poverty and of civil strife, may suddenly succeed to years of science and thrift and peace. But still the mighty mother holds her course unchanged. Spring succeeds winter, and summer spring, and all the harmonies of her great system move on through countless ages with the same unvarying serenity of purpose. The scene of his happy childhood evinced no sympathy with the condition of the altered Hardress.

He turned, with an aching heart, from the contemplation of the landscape, and his eye encountered a spectacle more accordant to his present feelings. The row of houses which lined the quay on which

the party halted, consisted for the most part of coffin-makers' shops, a gloomy trade, although, to judge by the reckless faces of the workmen, it would appear that "custom had made it with them, a property of easiness."

Only one of those dismal houses of traffic was open at this early hour, and the light which burned in the interior showed that the proprietor was called to the exercise of his craft at this unseasonable time, by some sudden and pressing call. The profession of the man was not indicated, as in more wealthy and populous cities, by a sculptured lid or gilded and gaudy hatchment suspended at a window pane. A pile of the unfinished shells, formed for all ages from childhood to maturity, were thrust out at the open window to attract the eye of the relatives of the newly dead. The artificer himself appeared in the interior of his workshop, in his working dress, and, plane in hand, was employed in giving the last touch to an oaken coffin placed

lengthways, on his bench. Its size denoted that the intended occupant had died in the full maturity of manhood.

While Hardress watched him plying his melancholy trade in silence, a horseman rode up to the door, and dismounted with some awkwardness and difficulty. He was a small, red-haired man, and Hardress thought that the face and manner were not altogether new to his observation. Another horseman followed, and alighted with more ease and alertness. He was tall and well formed, and Hardress shrank aside from his gaze, for in this person he recognized one of the witnesses, who had appeared against him at his trial. Leaning against one of the short posts used for the purpose of holding the cables of the shipping, and once more turning his face toward the river, Hardress listened to the conversation which ensued.

“Sarvent kindly, Mr. Moran,” said the smaller man—“Well, is the coffin ready?”

“What time will it be wanted?” was the reply.

“The car will be here in half an hour. Father Edward bid me to step on before, in dread you would’nt have it done. If it ’twas’nt out of regard for him and his, indeed, I’d rather be spared the jaunt for I was always a poor horseman, and I think it jolting enough I’ll get between this and the churchyard.”

“And where’ll he be buried?”

“At Mungret church, westwards. His people are all buried at St. John’s, but he took it as a delight to be buried at Mungret, because it is there his daughter was buried before him.”

A deep groan escaped the second horseman, as he said these words.

“No wonder for you to be heart-broken!” exclaimed the first—“Old and good friends

were parted when they were taken from you. The poor old man ! 'Twas enough to convert a Turk to hear him on his death-bed, giving his forgiveness to all the world, and praying for his enemies. A year since, as you know well, Myles Murphy, Mihil O'Connor and his daughter were a happy pair. But he never raised his head from the day she left his floor. Well, well ; 'tis thrue for father Edward, what he says, that this world would be good for nothing if there was not another."

At this moment a soldier touched the arm of Hardress, and pointed to the pinnacle whose keel just grated on the gravelled strand. With a rigid and terrified countenance, Hardress arose, and was about to hurry down the steps leading from the quay, when his strength suddenly failed him, and he would have fallen headlong to the bottom, but for the timely aid of his escort.

When he recovered from the confusion which this attack occasioned in his brain, he

found himself seated on the deck of the vessel, her canvass wings outspread, and the shores of his native soil fleeting rapidly away on either side. He looked, as the ship swept on, to the cottage of the Daly's. Two or three of the children in deep mourning were playing on the lawn, Lowry Looby was turning the cows into the new-mown meadow, and Mr. Daly, himself, also in deep black, was standing, cane in hand, upon the steps of the hall door. The vessel still swept on, but Hardress dared not turn his eyes in the direction of Castle-Chute. The dawn of the following morning beheld him tossed upon the waves of the Atlantic, and looking back to the cleft heads of the Shannon that stood like a gigantic portal opening far behind. The land of his nativity faded rapidly on his sight: but before the vessel came within sight of that of his exile, Hardress had rendered up the life which the law forbore to take!

His mother lived long after, in the practice of the austere and humiliating works of piety; which her church prescribes for the observance of the penitent. Her manner, in the course of time, became quiet, serene, and uncomplaining, and though not so generally admired, she became more loved among her friends and her dependants, than in her days of pride, and haughtier influence.

One circumstance may be mentioned as affording a striking proof of the deep root which her predominant failing had taken in her character. After reading the paper which Hardress had left in his cabinet, and finding that it was written under what she conceived a too humiliating sense of his unworthiness, she refrained from bestowing it as he desired. It was not until the salutary change above mentioned had been wrought in her character, and after the purpose, which the document was intended to accomplish, had been brought

to pass by other means, that she complied with the parting wishes of her son.

It was a circumstance which placed the character of Anne Chute in a noble point of view, that from the moment of the fearful discovery, recorded in the last chapter, she never once upbraided her unhappy relative with the concealment which had so nearly linked her fate with that of one whose conduct she had so much cause to view with horror. Much as she had loved Hardress, and shocked as she was by the terrible occurrences of that night, she could not look back without the feeling of one who has escaped a great and hidden danger. It would have been denying her a virtue, which she ought not to have wanted, if we said that the generosity and disinterestedness of Kyrle Daly failed eventually to produce that effect upon her feelings which it had long since done upon her reason. It was long, indeed, before this

favourable indication could be suffered to appear, but it did appear, at length, after the^h remembrance of this unhappy story^f had grown faint in the course of time,^u and the tumult, which it had left in many bosoms, had been stilled by years, by penitence, or death. They were then united, and they were happy as earth could render hearts that looked to higher destinies and a more lasting rest. They lived long after in the practice of the duties of their place in life, and of that religion to which the guilty, and the neglectful, owe their deepest terrors, and good men their dearest consolations.

The wretched partner in the crime of Hardress died amid all the agonies of a remorse, which made even those whose eyes had often looked upon such scenes, shrink back with fear and wonder. He owed his fate to an erring sense of fidelity, and to

the limited and mischievous course of education, too common in his class; while Hardress might be looked on as the victim of his cherished vanity, and pride of self-direction.

These events furnished Lowry Looby with matter for a great fund of philosophical eloquence, which he was fond of indulging, at even, when his pipe lit freely, and the fire shone bright upon the hearth. This faithful servant lived long enough to enjoy the honours of a freehold in his native County of Clare, and to share it with the careful housewife who was accustomed to provide for his wants with so much affectionate care at the Dairy Cottage. His name, I understand, was found upon the poll-books at the late memorable election in that county; but on which side of the question he bestowed his voice is more than my utmost industry has enabled me to ascertain.

Reader, if you have shuddered at the excesses into which he plunged, examine your own heart, and see if it hide nothing of the intellectual pride, and volatile susceptibility of new impressions, which were the ruin of Hardress Cregan. If, besides the amusement which these pages may have afforded, you should learn anything from such research for the avoidance of evil, or the pursuit of good, it will not be in vain that we have penned the story of our two COLLEGIANS.

END OF VOL. III.

